

Autobiography and Memoirs



William H. Child

WRITTEN IN 1912-13

REVISED IN 1917 - THE WRITER BEING EIGHTY-FOUR
YEARS OF AGE AT THAT TIME

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EDITORIAL NOTE

This book was handwritten in several blank ledger books, which were passed down through several generations of the Child family in New Hampshire. In 2014, Barbara Child (wife of Edwin Lee Child) typed the text in electronic format. It was edited (minor punctuation, spelling, and footnotes) by D. Stevenson in 2015 so that it could be published in a single bound volume.

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Preface

As the preparation and writing of the history of Cornish was about drawing to its close in 1912, it occurred to the mind of the writer, then eighty years of age, that at least a few of the leading events of his own long life might be left on record, without detriment to any one, and possibly be praised by some, especially those of near kin. No one can record these as faithfully as the writer himself, for who knows the events of their own lives and the motives prompting all their activities better than he?

It has been the privilege of the writer to institute a broad and painstaking research regarding most of the families of Cornish, and this experience has emphatically taught him that for too few people, even those of prominence, have left any "footprints on the sands of time", but that, "like dumb driven cattle," they have eked out an earthly existence, and have then lain down and died. Their tongues became silent, and their pens, having left no record, responds not to their touch. In searching for the records of persons who once lived, comparatively but little can be found of them. When an individual dies, not a tithe remains of all he knew, even though his mind may have been richly stored with all knowledge and the rest is lost forever from the earth! Each succeeding year contributes to the burial of this name and memory until all is faded away, and the places that once knew him, know him no more forever. Had he committed to writing a portion at least, of the experiences of this earth life, his posterity might have it as their heritage, and possibly the world at large a benefit therefrom.

For these and other reasons, the writer would here record a few of the many events of his life, which life he regards as only a common one, claiming nothing above mediocre in rank or ability, neither in style of diction in writing it.

It is not designed for publication, but rather as a souvenir for his posterity or others who might care to preserve it.

1 BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD

On Saturday the 22nd of December, 1832, the subject of these reminiscences was born. He was the fourth child of Stephen and Elisa (Atwood) Child.

It was on the evening of a cold, wintry day, a day that, unfortunately, had been appointed the annual hog-killing and dressing. After the day's work was over, and the shades of evening had settled upon the home, the little stranger first made his appearance. It has often been said that the happy father then congratulated himself on the good luck of the day, saying that the seasons butchering was accomplished, and far better still, he felt rich in having a little boy come to gladden the home--all on the same day. The mother, naturally desirous to behold her newborn son, anxiously awaited the dawning light of the coming morning in order to obtain a view of him. When the morning came, somewhat to her regret, she saw that the newcomer was possessed of golden hair. This he has always stubbornly refused to give to any other color until age has finally substituted the white. But congratulations are ever in order - for any color.

The place of birth was in Cornish, about a mile SW of Cornish Flat, on the Child homestead in the house built by his grandfather Stephen Child in 1787. One large family of children had already been reared under its roof. These had all settled away with families of their own, except the youngest son, Stephen Jr., who had remained on the farm to care for aged parents administer to them through all their declining years. The aged grandfather had passed away in 1831, the year before the birth of the writer, but the grandmother, bowed with many years, still lingered until 1835. The writer retains an indistinct memory of her. The remains of these two grandparents lie buried in the cemetery at Cornish Flat where two marble slabs are inscribed to their memory. The house, one and one half stories in height, is still standing, with but few ornamentations, either inside or out. It has been fairly well preserved with occasional repairs, and is, at the present writing, the home of the writer of this record. But to return to the parents of the newborn son, who but a parent, can know the joy consequent upon the birth of a child, even a baby born in mid-winter! And their joy is usually full, though possibly accompanied by some fears and anxieties regarding the future of the new life. It is well that God kindly hides from the parents' view the destinies of their children and allows them to indulge in bright hopes concerning their future well-being. Probably such hopes and fears were entertained by the parents at the time referred to. At any rate, they were said to be happy over the event and thus the time rolled on.

The four or five succeeding years, with all their events, like those of every other child, are not retained and borne by the memory into the succeeding years of life. The door seems to close behind the dawning mind hiding all things that had transpired during those years of so-called unaccountability.

The first remembrances relate to a few events transpiring between four and five years of age. Well does he remember his first introduction into the district school at the Flat at five years of age, and the tender and motherly care exercised over him by his elder and beloved sister, who for a season or two attended the same school? The teacher, during these two summer terms was Lurina Jackson of Cornish, who afterwards married Jesse O. Wyman. She seems a noble woman and rendered the schoolroom an attractive place for

the youngsters. About this time, his parents, heretofore disinterested, now became interested in this soul's salvation, experienced religion, and united with the Baptist Church at the Flat. He remembers well of accompanying them to many evening meetings, where devotions and holy songs lulled his child-nature into insensibility and sleep.

In the home too, he remembers the evening songs and prayers around a newly erected family altar, also the earnest prayers of a mother at the bedside of her little boy on his retiring to rest for the night. Would that such an atmosphere of influence might ever surround and abide in the homes of all children of the present day. Its effect would be as lasting as eternity. The results of it can never be known until all earthly actions shall be weighed and judged in the last great day.

Being accounted somewhat a weakly child and also for several years subject to the practice, he well remembers of oft-reposing in the lap, and upon the breast of a loving mother as she sought to mitigate any sorrow or suffering of her little son. He well remembers the trundle bed in which he slept. But he had no bedfellow to share this experience with, except possibly at times a kitten or a puppy.

A brother, George, had died when the writer was a babe of twenty months, so he could retain no remembrance of him, and his only other brother, Philander, was about eight years older, so the youngster had no congenial mate to share with him the pleasures and trials of those years.

Doubtless the loss of George, led the parents, especially the mother's heart, to bestow a greater share of affection on "the baby" than she otherwise would have done. Possibly this proved of no benefit to him in the end.

2 DISTRICT SCHOOL LIFE

Probably many events of interest (at the time) occurred in the life of the writer during the years that followed the times already mentioned, but his memory at this age does not retain them all. Memory, however, does seem to retain much more from district school life than from the quietude of home, or from any other source.

The teachers, both in summer and winter, are all remembered. Following Miss Jackson (already named) were Miss Emily Smith of Cornish, Miss Persis Nettleton of Newport, Miss Esther R. Chase of Cornish, who afterward married William Solloway. With this latter teacher, his summer schooling ended, when nine years of age.

Owing to the distance from home to the schoolhouse (one and one fourth mile) he did not commence school attendance in winter until seven years of age. His first teacher in winter was Enoch F. Chellis, who won the affections of his pupils by his pleasantry, yet his rule was very firm. The following is the entire list of his teachers (male), their dates of service and his own age on those dates:

Enoch F. Chillis	1840-41	age 7 & 8
Seth C. Sargent	1841-42	age 8 & 9
Cephas Taylor	1842-43	age 9 & 10
Hiram M. Nutt	1843-44	age 10 & 11
S.L.Elliott	1845-46	age 12 & 13
D.S.C. Potter	1846-47	age 13-14

Mark Richards	1847-48	age 14 & 15
Harrison Leslie	1848-49	age 15 & 16
Leslie & S. Upton	1849 & 50	age 16 & 17
Carlos Presby	1850-51	age 17 & 18

With this last teacher, the district schooling of the writer ended February 25, 1851. The remembrance of these teachers and of their schools is still fresh and mostly pleasant. Like most other youngsters of his age, he sometimes experienced the penalty for disobedience and roguery, by coming in contact with the implements of discipline; but he probably never received this more than was justly his due. His scholarship was only of the medium rank, but his love for his studies increased with the developments of each succeeding year and he still longed for still greater acquirements. The opportunity for seeing these to some extent was afforded later on.

The daily routine of the schoolboys' life affords but little of interest to record. The experience of the writer presents no exception to this rule. During the last term of the writer's district schooling, he had the pleasure of being accompanied daily to school by his little sister, Marion Ella, the six years of age. It was her first introduction to a district school, but more about her later on.

During his district school days, spelling schools were much in vogue and were reasons of great enjoyment for all concerned in them. Two leading spellers, perhaps one of each sex would be appointed by the teachers to "choose sides." This would alternately make choice of the best spellers present until all present were called and seated on opposite sides of the schoolroom. Thus, one-half of the school would be arrayed against the other half. The teacher, or someone appointed by him would pronounce the words for spelling, usually alternating with opposite sides of the house. A time was thus spent in spelling ordinary words — generally, in a sitting position. After this the two sides would arise, and a more difficult class of words would be pronounced by the teacher, and anyone failing to spell his or her word correctly would then be seated. The strife would then continue until all had "missed" or failed, and had taken their seats. The last one remaining standing had the honor of "spelling the school down". Sometimes the strife was long continued, usually

depending on the proficiency of the spellers. The writer took some pride in remaining standing 'til near the close of the contest, though seldom the victor.

Sometimes these spelling contests would be arranged between different schools, and then the interest would be greatly increased. To be a victor on these occasions was counted quite an honor. Visits on these occasions to neighboring districts furnished fine times for the children to get together and enjoy a fine sleigh ride in large double teams in the evening. Oft times the refrain was sung:

“O swift we go o’er the fleecy snow
While the moonbeams sparkle round.”

These seasons are all remembered with pleasure. They were seasons of profit as well for thereby the art of spelling correctly was much improved.

Writing schools were also common and very beneficial to all who participated in them. These were usually taught by some adept at the business from outside the community, who would collect and form a class, each pupil paying a given sum for a certain number of lessons. The writer remembers being a member of several of these classes, and received much benefit from them, especially from taught by Truman P. Russell, a lame man.

Singing schools were occasionally taught, being organized and sustained in a manner similar to that of writing schools. With only a medium talent for music, but with a great love for it, the writer endeavored to avail himself of the advantages afforded by these schools, yet he never attained a satisfactory degree of acquirement in it.

Speaking schools--so called, were also reasons of great interest, especially to the advanced scholars of the district schools. These were not regular occurrences but occasional, according to the pleasure of those interested in them. Sometimes recitations in speaking were sandwiched in with spelling schools to add interest in them. Exercises in declaration were the standard features of these

occasions. These were usually selections from the best authors of the times, and were various in sentiment and emotion, according to the taste of the individual declaimer. Dialogues were also prominent exercises and were interspersed among the other exercises according to the good taste of those arranging the program. These dialogues were of varied taste and sentiment,--from the staid conversation of the social circle, to that of comedy and even tragedy. Personification of individual character, from the sublime to the ridiculous, were sometimes in order--in short the occasions were a sort of crude theatrical performance that furnished much amusement for all present, both young and old.

All the kinds of schools heretofore named, including the latter, were adjunct of the district school, and were usually held in the old brick schoolhouse on the Flat. This building has long since become disused for non-cultural purposes, and has been converted into a storage building for wool, and is now owned by Sylvanus W. Bryant, and a new schoolhouse has been erected "up the street," nearby and opposite the old cemetery. As a matter of course, the old brick schoolhouse appeals to the emotional nature of the writer far more eloquently than any other building of modern date on Cornish Flat, as it was the center of his activities, and of character forming for so many years.

3 OTHER EARLY MEMORIES

The young life of the writer like that of all others was made up of thousands of events. Far the larger portion of these have faded entirely away from his memory. Although forgotten, their influence has been patent in character forming, and like autumn leaves, have performed their mission and have laid down awaiting the resurrection at the last great day. Beside the events already mentioned as occurring during the childhood and youth of the writer, perhaps a few more of interest may be gleaned from the broken memory of the past. This chapter will be devoted to some of these.

The order of events as recorded in the memory of the writer is somewhat broken and uncertain, mainly due to the large amount of time that has elapsed since this happening--nearly three fourths of a century, yet many events abide in memory nearly as dear as in the days of their happening. Incidents of childhood usually remain in the memory of adults with more distinctness than do the happenings of more recent years. This shows the impressionability of youthful minds, and that youth is the time to receive valuable impressions that should abide through all succeeding years.

The writer was always very fond of pets. Most kinds of domestic animals kept on the farm became favorites of his, affording him much pleasure and company, as he had no brothers or sisters of like

age as playmates. When twelve years of age, on October 6, 1844, he was gladdened by the advent into the family of a little baby sister (heretofore mentioned). This newcomer brought new light and joy into the home. The older sister, Eliza Jane, then eighteen years of age, was then at home. With great pleasure, she assumed her measure of responsibility in the care of the little one. The parents too were delighted in this dear child of their advancing years. An only and older brother was away from home at the time of the birth of his little sister, hastened home and shared in the joy of the other members of the family.

At this writing, February 1917, the "little babe" is still living at age 72 in Melrose, MA. The older sister died in Roxbury, MA on November 29, 1915, at age 91, and the brother died in Boston in 1903, at age 79.

It is remarkable that death did not remove any of the children of Stephen and Elisa Child after August 22, 1834 until February 6, 1903; a period of 68 years, five months and fourteen days. The father died February 1, 1866, aged 73, and the mother December 31, 1891, at the age of 90. Faithful and affectionate parents, their work was well done, their memories are sweet. But more about these later on while we now return to the season of youth.

In 1847 and 1848, two lovely female cousins, the early playmates of the writer, Nettie and Marion Atwood, were removed by death. They were smitten with the "White Plague,"¹ and in a short time, their countenances were changed from the blossom of health to the paleness of death. Their remains rest in a little family lot near Cornish Flat.

These events made a deep impression on the mind of the writer. Why death should claim these lovely young persons instead of others he could not understand. But God in his wisdom knows best, and His ways are past finding out.

¹ That is, the tuberculosis epidemic that swept through New England at this time. See, e.g., René Jules Dubos & Jean Dubos, *THE WHITE PLAGUE: TUBERCULOSIS, MAN, AND SOCIETY* (RUTGERS UNIV. PRESS, 1952).

The writer, even in little boyhood, was always a great lover of music. It possessed a peculiar charm to him, and he coveted to possess some instrument that he might gratify this passion. He first secured an accordion, then a violin, and afterwards a guitar. With this, he obtained much satisfaction.

In November 1855, an Estey organ was purchased for \$110, and brought home. This was obtained chiefly for Marion Ella, then eleven years of age who soon began to take lessons upon it. The writer never took lessons upon this instrument, but he learned to use it to some extent and obtained much pleasure therefrom. But with all his great love for music, he never excelled in the use of any instrument. In these later years, those instruments, once prized so highly, have lost many of their charms. The violin of his youthful days he still retains, all in good order, but its notes of late are seldom heard.

The pronunciation of the letter "s" was impossible during the infantile years of the writer. When nearing seven years of age, he was frequently taunted by the question, "Henry, how old are you?" The reply would be, "most-heaven," which was the best pronunciation he could render. Other words containing the same letter suffered in like manner until he was about nine years of age when he outgrew the impediment.

He well remembers the first trout he caught, also the first game he secured by shooting. How grand he felt "getting to be like other folks!" He distinctly remembers the weird impressions he received while attending the first funerals and obtaining the first sight of the dead. He well remembers, in company with those who were older, of enjoying many a boat ride on the pond not far from home. Moses Chase Pond was then of sufficient depth and breadth to accommodate two large boats each holding several persons. Later in 1848, he made a boat to use on the same pond, which was continued in use for several years until it floated over the dam to its own destruction. The pond has entirely disappeared. A little quiet brook now meanders through the tract where the pond once stood, and the mill is tumbling into ruins.

The first pieces of money the writer ever possessed seemed precious indeed. The little leather bag made by his older brother, containing a few of the old-time pennies, is still in existence. He well remembers going his father one day to Claremont; carrying a bushel or two apples, which he managed to sell, and receiving therefore forty-six cents. He has never since seen the day we he felt richer than he did that day.

Another time, having raised a few small melons, which with a few good apples, he sold at a military muster at Plainfield Plain.

At another time, his brother Philander told him he would give him a penny each for all the hymns he would commit to memory in a certain hymnal then in use--a worthy scheme. He learned about a dozen of them and then wearied of the job. The money has disappeared, but some of the hymns are still retained in the memory.

As previously stated, the writer when young was not fortunate in having the companionship at home of brothers or sisters of similar age, so in obtaining what he desired, he was obliged to go outside of home to obtain it. It is more enjoyable that children have playmates about their own age inside their home. It strengthens their love for each other, and ever after sweetens the memory of each other as well as for the home of their childhood.

The playmates of the writer, when young, have nearly all passed away.

"Beneath the green sod they lie." In the mind of him who pens these words lingers tender memories of them all.

"O beautiful visions of childhood,
Would that thy pleasures might last."

The circumstance of choice playmates, so full of life and health--the many and varied scenes and places of association--the swimming ponds, the trout brooks, the rich woodlands with their heavy timber and cooling shades, so refreshing--the meadows so full of charms, its odors of wild flowers and grasses--the air melodious with the notes of bobolink and a multitude of other songsters, are indeed only a

small part of the memories of the long ago. Most heartily do we join in the sentiment of the foregoing couplet, while at the same time we are saddened by the changes that have transpired?

The countenances of those dear playmates have all changed and most of them have been sent away, and the places of association have mostly disappeared. The woodlands, in many cases, have been robbed their pristine charms, and the wild songsters of the grove and meadow, less frequently, salutes our ears.

One sweet memory, paramount to all others has seemed to show a hallowed influence over all those infantile and youthful years. It was a parent's unselfish, devoted love. It was lavishly bestowed upon the writer, and with the mother, it amounted to a sort of idolatry. Perhaps the loss of George during the babyhood of the writer contributed much to this result by causing an increased affection of the mother's heart to flow towards the remaining one. The tender love towards the writer remained constant and unabated until she saw this object of her love over sixty years of age, at which time she passed away.

It is to be regretted that such affection of the part of the parent is so rarely reciprocated on the part of the youth, and that they never know its power until they are placed under similar circumstances. Then memory may recall a measure of their ingratitude towards those that have loved them so well.

4 SECOND ADVENT

This chapter, and the one following, may seem out of place, but they are inserted here because the events took place during the childhood of the writer and left a strong impression upon his mind at the time.

One of the most notable events of the childhood and youth of the writer was the preaching of the second advent of Christ by William Miller and others. The interest (if not excitement) attending the preaching of this doctrine was truly wonderful. Although it was no new doctrine, yet Mr. Miller honestly claimed by certain calculations on the prophecies, not heretofore considered, that the time had about arrived when the earth's record was to close. From his calculations, the end of all earthly things was to be looked for somewhere between the autumn of 1842 and the close of the year 1843.

The excitement was shared by all classes, young and old, inside and outside the churches. Many religious professors were quickened and many more were converted and brought into the churches. Days for prayer and fasting were common, and meetings were largely attended. Even the schoolchildren had their own prayer meetings where all childish levity was hushed. The noon hour at school was frequently converted into a prayer meeting usually led by some older pupil, and a seriousness pervaded the minds of all, especially the seriously inclined.

Many preachers became vehement exhorters, thus increasing the excitement and the subject was almost the universal theme of conversation in most homes. Many finally became so in earnest as to refuse to labor for the ingathering of their crops in 1843, claiming it would be all lost labor, believing they would never need them.. The belief was firmly settled in most minds that--

“In eighteen hundred and forty three,
The end of time would surely be.”

Thus they waited, some skeptical, some in dread fear, and some in joyous anticipation. But when the last day and hour of the year had expired, a sigh of relief was expressed by many while others claimed to be disappointed, and from the more skeptical portion arose the refrain--

“In eighteen hundred forty four
Millerism has run ashore.”

Nearly three fourths of a century has passed since these events transpired, and the world still stands. The great event is still in the future, how far we cannot say. Most of the hearts that then pulsated through fear or joyous anticipation have found their rest. In one respect, at least, people have grown wiser. They have learned that the language of prophecy cannot always be interpreted in harmony with the understanding of finite minds. Hence, it is that the most learned disagree on the subject. They learned that they cannot compress the intent of the Infinite mind only in a feeble degree. Hence, there is less boldness in expressing any opinion as to a definite period when “time shall be no longer.” The belief however in the second advent of Christ is entertained by and is the property of the entire Christian Church, indeed it is the great center and hope of the church. All churches have good reason to believe that we now living in the last times, the times just preceding the great event, and should heed the injunction of our Savior--”be ye also ready, for in such an hour as think not, the Son of man cometh.”

That much good resulted from that excitement, none can deny, yet the strain was undue, and fear in many cases usurped the throne of reason.

The parents of the writer, with all the rest of the family, shared the excitement of those days. The family altar was erected,² and the Bible was read and studied much more than formerly, and many professed conversion, and backsliders were restored. But the mental tension, in a measure soon subsided.

² That is, a small household shrine, usually a little table or shelf with the family Bible, devotional materials, an individual kneeler, and religious icons or decorations. This was a common practice in previous eras, and a number of published books at the time focused on the subject. Eventually, the phrase “family altar” became a metonymy for regular family worship or devotionals conducted in the home.

5 ANTI-SLAVERY

Parallel with and immediately following the event just recorded, was the anti-slavery movement throughout the North. Its beginning and ending are well known, as they are among the most important events of our nation's history and culminating at last in the most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw.

It was the fortune of the writer, when a lad, to be a witness, to some extent of the beginnings of his opposition to slavery as manifested in the North. Strong men like Garrison, Giddings, Hale, Chase, Seward, and a host of others, espoused the cause of the slave. Inside and outside of Congress, the abolition of slavery was advocated. The pulpits, at least many of them, sung out their voice of sympathy of those in bondage. A portion of the press too became aroused and championed for the rights of the slave. All these could not fail to create a strong anti-slavery sentiment. A new political party arose, whose chief end and aim was the abolition of slavery in the US. This part was the nucleus of the Republican Party, which afterwards in 1860 first came into power, elected Mr. Lincoln and precipitated the rebellion of 1861-65. For more than twenty years, beginning about 1840, the agitation continued until the end was finally accomplished by Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863.

During the first years (1840-44), Cornish Baptist Church had a pastor - Rev. David Burroughs -who earnestly and openly pleaded for those in bondage, and preached many sermons along that line. His earnestness on the subject excited the animosity of the pre-slavery element in his church and threatened a disruption of the same, and doubtless contributed to the shortening of his pastorate.

On a Sabbath morning, during this state of affairs, he went as usual to the house of worship at the time of service, and descending the pulpit stairs, he found the pulpit already occupied by a huge black ram! He retraced his steps, descended the stairs, and took his station beneath the pulpit in the deacon's quarters, where he preached and conducted the forenoon service, making no allusion to his rival overhead, that often rendered himself conspicuous by bleating and other demonstrations. It was fun for the boys and other less seriously inclined people, but apparently, it did not disturb the equanimity of the preacher. At noon, the offensive animal was removed much to the relief of the devout portion of the congregation.

During the same season, the white front doors of the church were treated to several unsightly daubs of black paint. Black was the color chosen to taunt the anti-slavery people, because their efforts were in behalf of the blacks in the South. Hence, the black ram, and the black paint; and they were called black abolitionists, and later black Republicans.

In every movement towards any substantial reform, the prime movers are always subjective to opposition and even persecution. Men often see the wisdom of their father's action after it is too late to render them the encouragement they coveted, and was justly their due when active in their work.

6 FIRST BUSINESS PROJECT

Born on a farm, raised on a farm, and living over eighty years on a farm - the old Child farm, and a farmer by repute, it would seem that the farm itself would furnish all the business needful to occupy all the time and energy of the writer through life. Perhaps he should have made it his exclusive business, but for reasons elsewhere give, he has seen fit at different times to introduce some other kinds of business, for brief periods, in connection with farming. The first was the nursery business. It was early in his teens that the writer began to cast about for some paying employment and still remain on the farm. The opportunity was soon afforded in a providential way.

A load or two of cider pomace a year or two before had been spread on a piece of tillage land lying on the border of the pond and the little seedlings had sprung up - tens of thousands in number, covering nearly an acre of ground. The employing of a nurseryman, Mr. S. S. Dimond of Meriden, to do some grafting about this time awakened a keen interest in fruit tree culture. Mr. Dimond instructed the writer in everything pertaining to the "track," and gave much encouragement, and induced him to transplant several thousand of those little seedlings into rows for nursery culture. Several works on fruit culture were obtained and carefully consulted.

The father of the writer also became enthusiastic in the business and sought in every way to aid his son in his new project. This interest he always maintained while the industry lasted, which was about ten

years, ending chiefly in 1858. As counsellor and co-laborer, he was all that was needed, and the memory of those years is very pleasant. Thousands of trees were grafted and grown for the market and a handsome sum came from their sale. Not only apple trees, but pear and plum trees were grown and sold in large numbers; about fifty varieties of apples, twenty of pears and twenty of plums were all cultivated and sold. For good reasons the business declined and the final sale at public auction was made in the fall of 1858 when several thousand trees of all kinds were sold. During these years, the writer set many thousands of scions in Cornish and adjoining towns, and he was then accounted authority on all matters relating to fruit and fruit tree culture.

7 KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

It was during the period of fruit tree culture, alluded to in the last chapter, that the academic education of the writer took place. The fall, winter, and spring terms were devoted to this purpose, while the time of the summer terms and all vacations were spent at home caring for the trees and assisting on the farm. It had been a long time desire to obtain an education at K. U. Academy. It had seemed to be an honor to be counted a student of that grand old institution.

Preparations were accordingly made, and on August 28, 1850, the writer entered the academy for the first time. This was a grand and happy day to know that his boyhood dreams were becoming realized and that he was now a student of Kimball Union Academy. His first room was in the Old Meriden House, long since destroyed by fire, and his roommate was a cousin--Daniel J. Atwood who had previously attended, and had of late become indifferent regarding the requirements of the institution, and about the middle of his term, he was expelled. The writer remained in the same room but received another roommate, A. F. Nettleton, then of Newport. He afterwards became warden of the city prison in Boston.

During this first term at the academy, the mother of the writer, then forty-nine years of age, suffered much from a nervous affliction that necessitated her removal to an asylum at Concord, NH. This was a sore trial to the whole family. She remained therefrom October 18, 1850 until March 6, 1851, when she returned home much improved

in health. At the close of this term, the writer returned to the duties of home and in the winter attended his last term of district school on the Flat. It was taught by Carlos Preaby. The writer remained at home until September 3, 1854, when he returned to Meriden and took a room at Mr. John Spaulding's with Josiah Davis as his roommate. During this term, he made much ineffectual effort to secure a school to teach during the following winter. Failing in this, he returned and spent the winter term (3rd term) at the academy, rooming with Fred A. Bartlett, of Hartford, VT. He was a jovial chap.

In the spring, he returned home, remaining there until the fall of 1852 when he again attended the academy, rooming alone in the Meriden House (4th term). At the close of this term, he engaged and taught in his first district school. It was in the north part of Claremont. It was twelve weeks in length - a very pleasant school. At its close he returned home to farm and nursery work, remaining there until the fall of 1853, when he returned again to Meriden, rooming at the Meriden House with C. C. Thatcher, then of Newport (5th term). This term he first contemplated beginning a classical course. He began the study of Latin. This plan, however, after two subsequent terms, he abandoned and decided to substitute higher English. At the close of this 5th term, he taught in a school in Windsor, VT, just north of the village, in a new brick schoolhouse (still standing). It was a very pleasant school and much enjoyed by the writer. At the close of this school, he at once returned to Meriden and regained his class in the spring of 1854, pursuing Latin. This term (6th) had opened a few days prior to his arrival, making it a little difficult to catch up with his class. Roomed alone at Mr. Joshua Spaulding's. The term over, he returned home remaining until the fall of 1854, when he returned to Meriden, rooming alone at the same place as the spring before (7th term). During his 8th term (winter of 1854-5), he roomed in with William Little, then of Warren, but afterwards became a prominent lawyer in Manchester, and also the writer of the History of Warren.³

³ The full title of the book is *The History of Warren: A Mountain Hamlet, Located Among the White Hills of New Hampshire* (published 1870, William E. Moore Publ.).

At the close of this term, the writer engaged room No. 1 in the academy. This room he used during the remainder of his course of study at Meriden - four terms. The first term (9th), Cyrus Baker roomed with him, and the other three terms he roomed alone. He spent the summer of 1855 at home. Returning to Meriden in the fall, he continued in attendance until the end of spring term of 1856 - thus completing twelve terms at the institution. At this time, May 5, 1856, he graduated with fair honors from this time-honored academy he had learned to love so well. The class numbered forty-eight: twenty-eight gentlemen and twenty ladies.

It seems highly proper to speak of those worthy male teachers of the academy, with whom the writer was so long associated. They were all devotedly pious and godly men. They seemed as much interested in promoting the moral, as in the mental interests of the school. Under such tutelage, healthy oral conditions were begotten, and scores of hundreds of young men and women were inspired by them to live nobler lives, and many of them became teachers of righteousness.

Three of the permanent teachers were especially dear to the writer, namely Cyrus S. Richards, principal of the academy, Cyrus Baldwin,⁴ and Elisha T. Rowe. These all seemed the personification of perfect Christian gentlemen. Through their influence, together with that of Henry Cobb, then an assistant teacher, the writer was induced to lead a very different life from that he been living. The memory of those teachers has been tenderly enshrined in the affections of hundreds of the students of K.U. Academy. Most of them have fallen asleep, but they all received the touch of blessing from those sainted men, who like wise have all joined the multitude beyond the tide. Their remains

⁴ Cyrus Baldwin (June 22, 1773 – June 23, 1854) is one of the five sons of Loammi Baldwin of Woburn, Massachusetts. Baldwin served as the agent for the Middlesex Canal after having taken part in the survey work with his father and brothers. He also served as the inspector and sealer of gunpowder at Hale's in Lowell Massachusetts where he resided. Cyrus and his wife Elizabeth Varnum had one child who died at a young age. Like his brothers, Benjamin Franklin Baldwin (1777–1821), Loammi Baldwin, Jr. (1780–1834), James Fowle Baldwin (1782–1862), and George Rumford Baldwin, he followed in his fathers footsteps, working as a civil engineer for various canal and latter railroad companies. Cyrus and his brother Benjamin were responsible for surveying the Merrimack River in 1818 for the purpose of making navigational improvements. (source: Wikipedia)

repose in Meriden, near the scene of their labors where their graves too are seen.

Among the rules that had governed the academy from its founding in 1813 was one that read, "All calls, walks, and rides between the two departments of the school, male and female, are strictly prohibited." For more than two years, the writer had no disposition to violate this law, but in 1853, Cupid sent a dart that left a slight impress in his heart. In 1854, a shower of darts came from the same source that were irresistible.

A correspondence and a call followed. The privilege of calling had been obtained of the Principal. The little conversation allowed was all marked with decorum and strict propriety, but there was no "let go." A mutual attachment followed, and affairs ripened into an engagement--which culminated in marriage January 1, 1857, nearly eight months after the writer had graduated from the academy. On this date, Ellen Frances Leighton became the wife of the writer. It is but due her to say that she would have completed her course at the academy with the graduating class of 1857 had she remained unmarried. Good taste forbids all praise for such while living. So the writer would be obedient to such law and await the full measure of praise that loved ones will surely bestow later and also from Him who will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter in..." etc.

Over sixty years have passed since that marriage ceremony, and both parties to it are still living (February 1917) weak and tottering with age and infirmity. What a crowded chapter could be written of the happenings during that long period! But we will pass the subject by and return to the subject of K.U.A.

During the first years the writer was in Meriden, he does not deny the fact that he enjoyed a joke or a little fun, as [much as] anyone else. Minor events, the outgrowth of this propensity transpired there that are still fresh in his mind. Some of these may be related later on.

During the last year, the writer lived in a different atmosphere. A religious revival swept through the school in the spring of 1855 and the writer with many others became deeply interested in the Great

Salvation. After this, he had no relish for the things he formerly enjoyed. New interests were awakened. New hopes inspired and new companions sought. The memory of that season is precious, but further mention of the event will be found later in these memoirs. Thus it will be observed that very important events occurred to the writer while a student at the academy--two of which already named--the submission of his will to the law of Christ, and the choice of a lifelong companion.

Other events transpired there, all contributing their influence in molding the character of this young student. A further recital of these might become tedious, so it will be omitted here except a brief mention of graduation day.

The custom at that time was that all of the gentlemen graduates should deliver an original declaration on the day of their graduation. The leaders of the class were not subjected to this exercise but were all present, uniformly dressed in white. At the close of the speaking, the entire class of twenty-eight gentlemen and twenty ladies were marched together upon the stage in two lines, the ladies forming the inside line, facing the audience, while the gentlemen formed the outer line behind the ladies, all forming a semicircle. In this position, the Principal delivered a solemn charge to the class, after which he presented each member of the class their diplomas. The occasion was said to have been more than usually impressive. A song, composed by Mary H. Green⁵ of Windsor, a member of the class, was sung with much effect:

“Half in joy and half in sorrow
We shall leave our school tomorrow”

⁵ This probably refers to Mary Hayden Pike (née Green) (30 November 1824 – 15 January 1908) an American author born in Eastport, Maine to Elijah Dix Green and Hannah Caflin Hayden. She was partly educated in Calais, Maine and acquired religious convictions at the early age of twelve when she went through baptism in an icy stream. She graduated from the Charlestown Female Seminary (Massachusetts) in 1843. In 1846, she married Frederick A. Pike who later was elected to the 37th United States Congress. Her works include *Ida May: a Story of Things Actual and Possible* (1854) (written under the pseudonym Mary Langdon); *Caste: A Story of Republican Equality* (1856) (written under the pseudonym Sydney A. Story, Jr.); and *Agnes* (1858). (Source: Wikipedia).

This closed the last public service of the term. On the morrow, the writer bade good-by to the classic halls of K.U.A. and also took an affectionate leave of his teachers, classmates, and all other dear fellow students and returned once more to his Cornish home.

In the assignment of themes for the graduating class to speak from, the somewhat formidable title of, "The Christianization of the Ottoman Empire", was given as the subject assigned the writer for his declamation. With but little experience in such work, and little knowledge of history, and no power of prophecy, he undertook this task.

"To the modern student of literature and truth, the history of nations afford themes of the deepest interest. It is by critical observation of the past, tracing effects to their courses, perceiving the general tendency of mankind as regards its intellectual, moral and religious character, that we may correctly judge the future and desire the appropriate means for the accomplishment of great designs.

Prominent among the many projects now engaging the Christian world is the restoration of the empire of the Turks to its primeval state, to dispel the dark clouds of anti-Christian delusion which for centuries have brooded over one of the fairest and loveliest portions of earth, and thereto unfold the banner of the cross, and to re-erect the standard of the Prince of Peace. For many centuries these people have been groaning under the dominion of superstition and gross idolatry and except a few faint glimmerings of the truth which have occasionally pierced these dismal shades, made dark by sin, they have been guided only by nature's feeble light. With scarcely no sense of morality to direct, or to exert a restraining influence upon their depraved natures, they yielded to the impulse of passion and reveled in the extremes of luxury. While thus groping in ignorance and

irreligion, Islamism, like an infectious misnoma, spread desolation over the land, corrupting the already corrupt; it seemed to obliterate nearly every vintage of their nobler attributes and afforded and effectual barrier against the progress of virtue, which until recently had remained as a monument of the mysterious wisdom of the Almighty.

But the spell is beginning to be broken. The dark clouds which for ages have enveloped Turkey in almost impenetrable gloom are beginning to be pierced by the beams of light and truth. Her people are arousing from their lethargic slumber and are eagerly enquiring why ignorance, stupidity, and weakness are paralyzing every institution of their own, while improvement, enterprise, progress, and prosperity are blessing every Christian state. The response to this interrogatory comes back distinctly, telling her that the doctrine of the Cross is the only true basic of a nation's temporal and spiritual prosperity. A light is thus dawning upon their benighted intellects and discloses to them their true condition and reveals their chains. From the intellect it is reflected upon their darkened moral natures, and as the light of the sun is the source of life and vigor to the vegetable world, so this light is exerting a vital energy upon dormant and unimpassioned Turk. To this source may be attributed all his recent changes, and from it gathered rich and abundant hopes for the future. Those fetters which were forged by the Prince of Darkness are falling off, and his despotic throne is already tottering on its frail foundation. The massive gates, which for centuries have shut out the truth, are yielding to the powerful arm of the Prince of Peace, and he is ushering in the gallant ones who are sowing the seed of truth in this the ancient garden of Christianity. Already the seed is springing up and yielding in abundance the spiritual harvest. Already in this empire, is the tree of life planted, being nourished

by the genial news of Heavenly grace, and strengthened through the instrumentality of faithful ambassadors of the Cross. While standing on the platform of the present, let us with prophetic eye endeavor to pierce the dim futurity and trade if we can, the destiny of this devoted nation. By the revelation of prophecy, we learn that the rod which has so long denoted the people is soon to be broken, not by means of human power or valor, but by the irresistible agency of the Holy Spirit whose power none can compass. As a calm ever succeeds great commotions in the elements of nature, and as peace has, sooner or later ever followed great tumults arising from the passions of man, so we may conclude that the convulsions now sharing the political fabric of the nation, overthrowing the strongholds of the Muslim power, will be succeeded by the mild reign of peace. Under the galling fetters of bondage, their minds undermined by the foul shades of ignorance and superstition, the people will attain that high standard of morals whose foundation is the true religion of the soul. Then it will be that the revealed word of the Almighty will be taken as the guide of life -the support in death, and the precepts of the Koran among the things that were, and instead of journeying to the false prophet's tomb, and there doing homage to his death, they will have recourse to the sacred temples of the Most High, and there offer up with true devotion and earnest faith their sacrifices upon the Altar of God. Then, instead of the common roar and the shrieks of carnage, shall be heard the mild anthems of praise, and the whole land shall rejoice that their day of deliverance has come and that the strong powers of sin have been forced to yield to the mild scepter of Christian love, while the shroud shall rise from millions of grateful heathen -Jehovah hath conquered and his people are free."

8 BUSINESS PLANS AND MEMOIRS

During the year 1856, the homestead farm, with all the stock and farming tools, came into the possession of the writer. His parents were beginning to feel the weight of years and needed someone to aid in sharing the responsibilities of the farm. It was the wish of his parents and sisters that he should assume this duty, so he accepted the terms proposed, and the writings to that effect were completed December 30, 1856.

The terms of the agreement were such as to leave a large debt for the writer to pay the other heirs, which obligation was to be discharged inside of eleven years from the date of contract. It soon became evident that the farm would be unable to meet the obligations by any surplus crops that could be produced thereon, so it was planned for the writer to obtain, if possible, some employment outside the farm, especially during the cold season of each year. So, beside teaching, he was not averse to engaging in any honorable employment--should such opportunity present itself. His oldest sister, Elisa June, had in April 1857 found employment as an attendant in the insane asylum at Concord. During the season, she suggested that the writer engage in the same occupation in the same institution during the coming winter. He gave his consent and she readily secured him a position therein. So he left home and family on the 23rd of October 1857, and served as an attendant in the asylum seven months until May 1, 1858.

From a financial point of view, this seemed advisable, but it involved a privation, not pleasant. At this remote day, it seems that the course then pursued was NOT the wisest. For a man to leave a family of loving parents, a young sister, and much more than these, a newly wedded wife with her abundant charms and with an expected heir near at hand – just for purpose of earning medium wages, seems like making a GREAT sacrifice for a small consider. But the idea of fulfilling every financial obligation was the all powerful motive that led the writer to make this and other subsequent sacrifices.

As stated above, he returned home to his family and farm in May 1858. During his absence, on November 15, 1857, William Palmer, their first child, was born. The mother had previously returned to her parental home for a short stay. Here in Hartford, VT, the child was born. After a proper time she with her little babe returned to her Cornish home. The pleasure of the writer in being again with his family with its new young member is well remembered by him. The summer and early autumn of 1858 were spent at home on the farm with his family.

When the later days of autumn came, the same compelling motive was presented as on the former year. By mutual consent, with advice as before, it was decided that he again leave home the same purpose as then, namely the earning of means to liquidate his obligation. On the 15th of November, the first anniversary of the birth of Willie P., the writer forced himself away from a home and family as dear to his heart as any family or home could be to anyone. He well remembers the grief at parting with his companion and her little babe--of embracing and kissing them both and then returning the babe to his mother's arms, and then the final good-bye - all these are still in painful remembrance. Before this parting it was expected that the writer was to return home the following spring, else the consent to this leave would not have been granted. His plan at this time, mainly was a season of teaching school in the state of Ohio. He left home, however, with NO previous engagement. He first visited his sister in Concord where he spent a day or two, then he visited Northampton and Worcester, MA and thence to New Haven, CT and NY City. Taking a car from Jersey City, the ride was continuous until he reached Cleveland, Ohio. Here he found a train for Oberlin, Ohio

where he arrived in the evening. An aunt with her family resided there. Tired of travelling and half sick, he remained in this family three days, and then took the cars for Columbus, the center and capitol of the state, arriving there November 23, 1858. His purpose as before stated was to secure a school as soon as possible and engage in teaching. Unlike the school system in New England, he found, greatly to his disappointment, that the schools in Ohio were already in session. Their school year, he learned too late, began in September. He made application to several school officials, and as no vacancy appeared, he decided to apply for employment at the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum in Columbus. In this venture he was successful and engaged there as an attendant on November 25 - remaining there five months, until April 25, 1859.

The Honorable Salmon P. Chase⁶ was then governor of Ohio with residence in Columbus. With him, the writer sought aid and counsel, and also enjoyed a fine measure of his hospitality.

When the spring came, the subject of returning home was again under consideration. The promise to return home was well remembered. The reason for each promise was that in the spring a further increase in the family was anticipated. This actually occurred on April 19, 1859, when our second child, Frank Eugene, was born. This took place at home before the engagement at the Asylum in Columbus had expired. This event together with his former failure to secure a school, (the end and aim for which he left home at the first) began to cause him to weaken on the matter of returning home as promised. Then again, the expense of traveling twice over the route would consume a large part of the moderate compensation

⁶ Salmon Portland Chase (January 13, 1808 – May 7, 1873) was an American politician and jurist who served as U.S. Senator from Ohio and the 23rd Governor of Ohio; as U.S. Treasury Secretary under President Abraham Lincoln; and as the sixth Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. As Treasury Secretary, Chase strengthened the federal government, introducing its first paper currency as well as a national bank, both during wartime. As Chief Justice, Chase also presided at the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson in 1868. Chase's term as governor of Ohio began 1856 (the first Republican governor of Ohio), serving until 1860. While governor, he supported women's rights, public education, and prison reform. (Source: Wikipedia)

derived from the labor in the asylum, so that the winter's outing, with all its privations would amount to but little, should he return in early spring. Reports too from home were generally satisfactory and advising the writer to remain longer and if possible to redeem the time. All these circumstances finally induced him to change his former plan and remain through the season and if possible, to secure a good position for teaching in some prominent high school the coming winter. Immediately after closing his labors at the asylum, he engaged in a traveling agency for the sale of books and stationery until August 4, 1859. He was in the employ of H. Miller & Co., extensive publishers and dealers in subscription books in Columbus. The territory assigned for canvass was Coshocton Co. of Ohio - north of the center of the state. The financial success of this enterprise was not very flattering, but it afforded the writer an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the manners and customs of different classes of people, other than the genuine New Englander. In fact, it was educational along a line that he much needed. It was his first time at the business, and his experiences were numerous and varied, therefore it was not time spent entirely for naught. Many incidents worthy of mention occurred under the knowledge of the writer, both during his stay in the asylum and while engaged in the canvass, which may form material for a succeeding chapter.

During the entire summer he was exercising an eager look and to secure for himself a school for the coming fall and winter. He offered his services to the school officials of three different counties of Ohio - Ashland, Wayne, and Coshocton, and passed satisfactory examinations in each county. He finally engaged a school in Rowsburg, Ashland County--the term to begin September 19, 1859. After closing up the canvassing business on August 4, until the opening of his school, the writer spent much time in traveling. He was a part of the time accompanied by one of his dear friends, Robert Ford, whose acquaintance had been formed at K. U. Academy a few years previously, and whom loving friendship for the writer continued 'til the death of Mr. Ford in 1909. Together they visited Oberlin College twice, and were present at its commencement. Other places of interest were visited. Mr. Ford also secured and taught a school in a district adjoining Rowsburg.

It was the good fortune of the writer to secure a good boarding place while teaching in a family whose choice friendship has lasted even to the present time (1917). The family consisted at that time of a young couple; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Staunch. He died a few years ago, but his widow still lives and sends her cheery messages to the writer every now and then. With this family he remained during the entire length of the school, from September 19, 1859 until March 2, 1860--nearly six months with but a brief vacation near the middle of the term. This school furnished one of the most pleasant episodes in the life of the writer. The school numbered over a hundred scholars. A lady assistant had charge of the primary classes in an adjoining room. After the close of the school, the writer remained about a week in Rowsburg, closing up the business of the term, and taking leave of his many friends there. Mr. Staunch then took him to Oberlin, a distance of about thirty miles. Here the writer found his sister; Marion Ella, who had come from home a sort time before, intending to stay a few years with her Aunt Safford, and attend the institution there. After a day or two of visiting, the writer took the cars for home. He arrived in Windsor, VT, on March 14, 1860. From there, he was brought home the same day by Alvin Comings.

It seemed good to be at home one again after an absence of sixteen months - no language could express it fully. The pleasure of meeting the entire family can never be forgotten. Wills P., the eldest son, then two years and four months old, was skipping about anxious to give and receive a "tish" from his Papa, while the mother with her darling little baby, then 10 months and twenty-two days old, whom the father had never seen, furnished the center of interest and attraction to the returning husband and father.

All circumstances of the hour seemed to contribute to the mutual happiness of every member of the household.

But these happy conditions did not long continue. In just twenty-one days after the writer had arrived home, the Angel of Truth visited this happy home and took the little babe - the idol of his mother, and beloved of the entire household. He died in his mother's arms, and the earth soon closed over a lovely and promising little son. The

father was filled with vain regrets that he had enjoyed so little the time with this lovely child. But all to no use.

Days and months rolled by. The pressing duties of the season, in a measure, as always remained especially in the mother's heart. When leaving Rowsburg, Ohio, by reason of a universal desire for his return, a partial promise was extorted from the writer that he would again return to that school in the autumn. After the solemn event just mentioned, the writer inwardly resolved that thereafter his place should be with his own family and home. His subsequent life for over half a century has, in the main, with one or two trifling exceptions, conformed to the resolution then formed.

At home once more, the duties of the farm were resumed, and needful improvements were taken in hand. The larger barn was moved, remodeled, and enlarged as seen at the present time. The family, in the spring of 1860, consisted of both parents of the writer, brother Philander and his wife, an old lady, Rebecca Richardson, who boarded in the family. All these besides the immediate members of his family heretofore mentioned. Some of these left after a few weeks. The older sister, Elisa Jane, was still in Concord. The younger, Marion Ella, was left in Oberlin, Ohio, as before mentioned. At this time Rev. D. P. Dering was pastor of the Baptist Church at the Flat. He remained as such until 1866. During the summer of 1860, the writer's companion was baptized into the church on the Flat - and this relation still exists.

9 RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

From his earliest remembrance until the present time, the necessity of a practical religious belief has been impressed upon the mind of the writer. The influences brought to bear upon him, both at home and abroad, especially in the sanctuary all contributed to establish him in such a general belief. Several of these circumstances have already been mentioned, as the early prayer meetings - the regular attendance on Divine worship - the pungent preaching of the truth by several pastors, and finally a revival at Meriden in April 1855.

The writer lays no claim to any inherent morality or goodness, or even any natural tendency to obey the voice of conscience that oft entreated him to become a Christian, but rather, in the language of the poet he could say:

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.
I did not love my Shepherd's voice
I would not be controlled
I was a wayward child
I did not love my home
I did not love my Father's voice
I loved afar to roan.⁷

⁷ From the poem-turned-hymn *I Was A Wandering Sheep*, words by the prolific Scottish hymn writer Horatius Bonar (1843).

And thus he lived until over twenty years of age, convinced all the while of the necessity of yielding to the voice of the Spirit, but refusing to obey it; choosing to defer the subject until a more convenient season in the uncertain future.

One truth above all others give occasion for alarm to the writer. It was that the oft refusal to comply with the voice or call of the Spirit, that its voice would gradually become weaker until finally it could not be heard and thus the soul would drift into insensibility and become lost. This thought was fearfully alarming. During the revival at Meriden in 1855, the Spirit again spoke loudly, and he became deeply impressed that it might be the last call that he would ever receive, unless he yielded to its entreaty. He could not banish this impression, and so decided that as far as he was able, to renounce all sin, make full surrender hoping thereby to find acceptance with God.

The way was not clear, but the resolve was firmly made. The advice of devoted Christians was eagerly sought and freely given, and he received much benefit therefrom. He had hoped and prayed for a sudden and glorious awakening into the kingdom of Christ, but this was not to be his experience, but rather a slow and gradual awakening accompanied by a growth of love towards God and His dear children, and the strengthening of his purpose to live according to the Divine will.

It is a sad comment that so many professed Christians, after having had their sins forgiven, and have seemingly enjoyed the sweets of redeeming love, should have their seasons of depression, and even doubt, and also that many yield in temptations fearful hour, and thus lose the blessedness they formerly enjoyed. But it seems to be the will of God that his own dear children shall remain the world surrounded by and exposed to fierce temptations, in order that they may be able to resist and overcome them – to be overcomers, through the grace that He has provided. O glorious salvation! The life of the writer has been greatly diversified in religious experiences. Some of the time under the seeming sun light of God's great love and mercy, and at other times sitting in the shadows, perhaps as a penalty for some sin, and a large part of the time in a state of unexplainable indifference, because the world has been allowed to absorb his

interest affections. "But thanks be to Him who giveth us the victory over all these trials through our Lord Jesus Christ."⁸

The writer would hereby ascribe praise to God for the efficacy of prayer, and for the sufficiency of his grace provided for all who are in earnest to obtain a full salvation.

The position taken by the writer in the spring of 1854 did not bring the degree of assurance he had hoped. Still he remained firm in the decision, prayerfully hoping for stronger proofs of the divine favor. He was repeatedly urged to unite with the church, but a sense of his unworthiness or unfitness for such a step prevented his taking it. It was not until March 2, 1856, that he was buried with Christ in baptism, and into the fellowship of the Baptist Church at the Flat. In taking this step he was accompanied by his two sisters and several others. Rev. Phinehas Bond was then the pastor. On the day of his baptism, he wrote in his diary, "O I hope the step taken this day will be truly sanctified to the welfare of our souls and not become a savor of death unto death."

After his union with the church, the writer began to realize more fully the beauties and joys of Christian fellowship than ever before. The church at that time contained a large number of devoted men and women who seemed possessed of the Spirit of the Master, all of whom seemed glad to welcome the writer and his sisters to their fellowship. The memory of all this is very dear to him. A mention of some of them here seems appropriate: Deacon Arunah Burnap, Deacon Joseph Richardson, Deacon Alvin Comings, Comings Day, Deacon Abraham Foss, Moody and Peter Hook, Jess Davis, Lyman Rich, Deacon Henry Rich, Siloam Spaulding, Levi Sanderson, Ben Clark, Samuel Hard, Henry Gould, Sylvanus Bryant, and many others. These, with their companions and many other sisters, together with the pastor, constituted the church at that time. These dear brethren and sisters have one by one all passed over the river, and have, as we trust, joined the church triumphant in Heaven.

Without any exception, the union of the writer with the church was mutually harmonious and pleasant. His attendance upon all of the

⁸ 1 Corinthians 15:57.

public services - prayer meeting and Sabbath school was quite regular and constant, especially so during the months that immediately followed.

The church, during the previous winter, had been blessed by a gracious revival under the preaching of Rev. John Peacock (January 26-February 17, 1856) and about a score of souls were converted during that time. On February 17, 1856, fifteen of these were baptized into the church. This took place about two weeks prior to the baptism of the writer, who was still a student at Meriden. It was his privilege and duty, during the closing weeks of his stay there, to lead in several of the devotional meetings held by the academy in the lecture room.

In the May following his baptism, the writer, at the organization of the Sunday School, was selected as a teacher for a class of girls. This was his first experience in imparting religious instruction. How well he performed the duty remains to be revealed in the future. He continued with this class during the entire season, or until the school was suspended for the winter, according to the custom of those times. During the next ten years, the struggle to discharge his financial obligations, with other reasons, caused the religious profession of the writer, to degenerate into a respectable formality without vital power. The forms were all maintained, appointments and ordinances were fairly well observed, but growth in grace would not hardly be claimed. But on February 1, 1866, as he stood by the bedside of his dying father, the latter took the writer by the hand, and with failing and labored breath he said to him, "Henry, I want this family to be a family of prayer, and this, a household of faith and a dwelling place of righteousness." That distressful look can never be forgotten. With a heart broken in sorrow, and eyes filled with tears, he then and there promised his dying parent that, with Divine help, his prayer should be answered. The family altar, which of late had been neglected, was at least for a time, re-erected, and as on the occasion of the death of his darling little son in 1860, the prayers of the writer and his companion were daily poured upon that altar.

But multitudes of influences of all kinds, both from without and from within are ever besetting the pathway of all who endeavor to

walk and live in harmony with an enlightened conscience. So with the writer. Some admonishing providence, as some extraordinary means of grace seem needful to remind him of his obligations. In October 1967, Rev. Halsey P. Leavitt became the pastor of the Baptist Church. He was an earnest and diligent worker for the salvation of souls. He formed plans for work that seemed to meet the Divine approval, and during a large part of the winter of 1867-68, he met the church several evenings each week in prayer and self-examination. He insisted that all should take a part in these services, and reporting each evening how the Lord had blessed them on that day. The writer and his companion were constant attendants upon those meetings and were greatly blest and strengthened thereby. Scores of people became interested and attended these meetings and in the spring, a large number were baptized into the church, and besides many backsliders were reclaimed. These meetings were repeated with similar results each winter during the stay of Brother Leavitt in Cornish -- five years - and resulted in adding eighty members to the church. On the first of December, 1872, the writer found himself prostrated upon his bed, critically ill with Typhoid Pneumonia. It was said that his life was barely saved. As soon as he had attained consciousness, a strong impression seized him the Lord had spared and was raising him up that he might in some render Him the glory due his name, that it was an act of great mercy, and that God had spared him for a purpose - that He had a work yet for him to do. As soon as he was able to sit up and read the Bible, it seemed more precious than ever. Its truths seemed clothed with a fresh beauty and power. It seemed also that the work to which he was called was the preaching of the gospel. At times, this conviction was clear and forcible. He communicated these thoughts to his companion, who in a good degree was in sympathy with such a project. But reason, worldly reason, raised its voice and said: Your home, your farm with all its encumbrances and responsibilities needs your constant care and attention, your theological education is too limited to enable you to make any degree of success. You are too old to enter upon a new life work of so much importune (being then just forty years of age) etc. These and other reasons presented themselves in such force that the "call" if such it was, to preach the gospel, was allowed to go unheeded. This was in the winter and spring of 1873. Later in the season of this year, Edward A. Whittier,

an evangelist, came and spent ten days with the church, and again were its spiritual graces revived. The writer and his companion also shared in even richer blessing than before. Later in the season of this year (1873), a strong desire possessed the writer and his companion to attend the Methodist Camp Meeting at Claremont Junction. There they came in contact with some very spiritually minded brothers and sisters – he heard powerful sermons on the theme of a sanctified life in Christ. These appealed so charmingly to the convictions of the writer and his companion, that they could do otherwise than to yield to those convictions and join the great members of seekers for the full salvation.

At first, the writer and his companion received this doctrine as relating to the three-fold nature of man. Later they found by experience, observation, and the study of the Word that the scriptural terms implying perfection cannot apply to man's earthly tabernacle but rather to its inhabitant, the soul. This may, by the consent of the mind and will, become "perfect as He is perfect," and exercise full control over both mind and body. This is perfection. The mind itself can never be perfect, for while on earth, it is subject to limitations and infirmities. The body likewise is subject to the same, and therefore cannot be perfect until it gives place to a spiritual body.

Accepting the above view of the subject, the writer leaves it, awaiting the time when this imperfect mortal shall be changed to a glorious immortality.

Following the experiences of 1873, over forty years have elapsed. He has enjoyed, at least a part of the time, a comfortable hope, yet always far from being satisfied with any present degree of attainments. During this time he has tried to avail himself of every means whereby a deeper and stronger growth in grace might be attained and many events have transpired well calculated to inspire the writer to a life of entire devotedness to the cause of Christ. In regard to public services, the writer has been called to a large degree to them on many and varied occasions. He has led scores (perhaps hundreds) of religious meetings in the home church, filling vacancies between pastoral settlements, and also holding meetings in school houses and families with apparent good results. Whenever he learned of any

special interest in soul saving near at hand, he always endeavored to be there to aid. During two years, 1879-80, he was appointed by the Newport Baptist Association, with two others, to visit the weaker churches of the association to aid in strengthening the graces of those churches. It was ever a delight to render all these services.

On January 31, 1885, the writer was chosen deacon of the church. Whatever the value of his services to the church may have been, he leaves it for others to say, and for the Great Head of the Church to decide. He will simply say that he tried to do his duty in the matter. A record of all his labors and its influences proceeding therefrom possibly might fill volumes. So, it is thought--not to narrate further events in detail, although allusion may be made to it in the records to follow.

In closing this chapter, the writer would say in the language of the poet:

“Thus for the trial has led me on
Thus for His power prolongs my days.”⁹

To Him therefore, the writer would ascribe all praise now and evermore.

⁹ From the hymn *Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On* by Isaac Watts.

10 SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday School has been an important factor during all the remembered life history of the writer. Being contemporaneous with the church, his earliest memories of the church are naturally associated with the Sunday School connected with it. In all the earlier years of the church in Cornish, and until 1875, two services were held on each Sabbath by all pastors--one in the forenoon, ending about twelve o'clock, and the other beginning at 1 p.m. The hour intervening was the time usually devoted to Sunday School work.

The Sunday School of seventy five years ago was a very different affair from that of today. The results might, however, compare very favorably with those of modern date. Then the pupils came directly in contact with the written word more than at the present time. The so-called "helps" of today were then comparatively unknown. Verses from the Bible were committed to memory in great numbers. In this way, much of the Word was stored up in the memory of the pupil that later in life became a valuable asset. Then there were no preferred lessons--no integrated system as nowadays to promote uniformity among all classes, schools, and even churches of other denominations. Each school was independent in its own management--in choice of materials and manner of learning it. The scholars too, especially the younger classes, were almost wholly dependent upon their teacher for the instruction afforded by the lesson, while the Bible classes of those days for adults were similar to

those of the present day. Question books on given chapters and topics of the Bible began to be used by the classes of large pupils, but there was no uniformity of topics, each having their own subject. The idea of uniformity in lesson study did not reach Cornish Flat Sunday School until sometime in the fifties. Forty minutes was the time usually devoted to the study of the lesson. The remainder of the hour was needed in selecting books from the library and getting ready for the afternoon services.

It was in one of these earlier schools that the writer was introduced when about six years of age. His memory retains but a small part of his experiences and acquaintances of those times. His first remembered teacher was Mary Hall (since Mrs. W.C. Harlow). Her kind and motherly manners gained the love of her pupils. How long she had charge of the clan, the writer cannot say, but her relation to the church and Sunday School continued through her life. She died in 1880 at age 66. The next remembered teacher was Alvin Cummings. He had a mirthful and pleasant manner with his scholars and was liked very well. It was about the time of his conversion and his affections were in harmony with the lesson he was endeavoring to teach. How long he taught this class cannot now be told, but his whole long life, after his conversion was spent for Christ, and the church of which he was deacon many years. He died December 29, 1900, at age 90. Other teachers of the writer are also remembered, and some are probably forgotten, as the distances in time since then spans a period of nearly seventy years.

During all of the early years of the Sunday School on the Flat, it was an annual affair--being organized in the spring of each year, and on the near approach of winter it disbanded awaiting the opening of the following spring. In November 1860, the school voted to "live the year around," and it has lived and its sessions have been continuous since then. During a very few years while in his teens, the writer, like many of the "big boys," absented himself from the Sunday School, thinking it of no further use to himself, and that it was chiefly for the children and women. In short, he felt that he had "graduated" from it altogether. Not long, however, did he entertain this opinion. Probably it was the voice of the Spirit that whispered to him his folly, saying he could not be wiser than "Jim whose ways are past finding

out,” and that at every age in earth life, every individual needs to be a humbler learner at the feet of Infinite Wisdom.

Excepting the time just mentioned, it has been the aim of the writer to attend the Sunday School whenever he attended church, and this he has done with but few exceptions during a period of about seventy years. During all his absences from home, he has generally attended religious services wherever he chanced to spend the Sabbath, and if there was a Sunday School, he generally found his way into that. He usually felt at home there, whether as a teacher or scholar.

After his union with the church, the Sunday School became dearer than ever to him. As already mentioned, he was at once selected as a teacher for a class of girls, some of whom are still living. This was in May 1856. Following this, the records are wanting, and the memory of the writer is incapable of relating events in their order as occurring during this period of sixty years. According to the best of his memory during this time, he served as superintendent of the school more than one third of the time, and finally resigned this position in 1915, at the age of 82 years.

As teacher, he has spent about fifty years in charge of some class in the school. The class with which he was connected longest was a class composed chiefly of adult ladies. A few gentlemen at times were members of the class, but ordinarily they attended a class of their own on the opposite side of the side of the room taught by another brother. The class of the writer was a class that furnished nearly all the teachers for the other classes of the school.

For thirty-two consecutive years the writer had charge of this class. The aggregate roll of this class during this time was over eighty regular members, besides many transient ones. The list is too voluminous to record here, but it is carefully preserved among the choice papers of the writer. Every one of these are remembered. In looking over this list at this writing, it is noticeable that over two thirds of this number have clasped hands

“On the other side of Jordan

In the sweet fields of Eden
Where the tree of life is blooming.”¹⁰

- and they are at rest. It is sincerely hoped by the writer that all of the influences proceeding from the association in that class were mutually helpful to each other. Surely, the writer tried to do his duty with them and have the results with Him, whose aid and counsel he humbly sought. The position of a Sunday School teacher is truly one of fearful responsibility. Like the engineer of a passenger train, they should feel that immortal souls are, in a certain degree, entrusted to their keeping, and that possibly they may have to render an account of them, should any of them be lost.

On reaching what he has written, one might infer that the writer was nearly alone in the work of the school. But this was not the case. A valuable set of brothers and sisters were his co-workers and counsellors all the while. Upon them, he ever felt dependent for aid and counsel, and to any of these still living he would return thanks. But most of them too have crossed the flood.

The noon hour was a busy one. There were at least a dozen classes with their teachers who were all at work in the same audience room. The hum of business was charming then. Would that the writer could now, as then, witness another such spectacle in his day. A period antedating the time just mentioned, and the Sunday School in the same church was much larger. Between 1830 and 1840, the records show an attendance from 200 to 275 pupils, with twenty to thirty classes, with as many teachers to manage them. These were all handled in the same audience room, which included a large gallery.

In those days as in the earlier years of the writer, most of those attending church service remained and became pupils in the Sunday School. The present habit indicates a sad change in this respect. It should be otherwise. The modern sentiment allows greater freedom of choice in religious affairs than formerly. The Sabbath seems to have become a holiday with many who have little relish for sanctuary services, and much less for the study of the Word. It is disheartening

¹⁰ From the hymn, *In the Christian's Home in Glory*, by Samuel Young Harmer and William Hunter (1856).

at the close of an affecting church service to see four fifths of the audience pass out of the room, having but a handful who remain to study in the Sunday School. Yet, such is the case. Two or three classes and about twenty-five pupils are about the records of each Sabbath. The Sunday School should be a nursery of piety and an auxiliary to the church. If not all this, it fails of its high and holy mission.

The writer, at his age, feels unequal to the task of re-building the school as a younger and more energetic person, under God, might do. He can do but little more than pray that the school may be revived and still be a blessing to many.

The foregoing account of the Sunday School on the Flat contains most of the leading facts regarding it, but its thousands of sweet memories can never be told. These will soon perish from off the earth, but they may reappear at this full value in the coming life. God knows!

11 SECRET SOCIETIES

The writer has had a limited experience with secret societies, yet they have played an important part during parts of his life. The question as to their effect upon individual character or upon society at large, has never given him unrest of conscience because he believes that most of them are improvement societies and are composed chiefly of the best citizens whose united influence should be for the betterment of the world. His knowledge and experience with them has been confined to three organizations, namely the Masons, Sons of Temperance and Patrons of Husbandry.

Masons

The order to which his attention was first directed was that of masonry. The excellence and advantages of this ancient and honorable institution were often alluded to by different members of it, with whom he associated. Chief among these was Daniel Richardson, who had long been a zealous member of the order. The writer's father also had been a mason over forty years, having received the degree when a young man in Cheshire Lodge No. 23, which then convened in Plainfield.

The tenets of the order forbid all proselytizing to increase membership. So no means were ever employed to induce the writer to join them, but he actually possessed an exalted opinion of the order even before he stepped upon its portals. It needed by the convenient time for him to move forward to a union with it. This was soon afforded. In the early autumn of 1862, Cheshire Lodge, which had always convened at Plainfield was moved to Cornish Flat, where it has since been located. In September of this year, the petition of the writer for initiation was presented to the lodge. On the following month, the petition was considered and granted, at which time he took his first degree in masonry (October 13, 1862). According to the requirements of the Craft, he received the two remaining degrees of the lodge, one on each of the two following months. The officers of the lodge at that time were - Rev. Daniel Richardson, Master, Capt. Seth Johnson, Senior Warden. Dr. Charles Beckley, Junior Warden, Deacon Arunah Burnap, secretary, Captain Joseph Huggins, Treasurer, Bailey Hanchett, Senior deacon, Stephen Child, Tiler.

The impressions the writer had previously entertained of the order were more than realized on being introduced to its mysteries. His association in the lodge were very pleasant indeed, and the memory of those first years is vivid and very dear still. The record of his attendance on lodge meetings afford ample evidence of this, as he did not miss being present scarcely a single meeting during the first ten years after joining the order. During this time, he had become proficient in all the unwritten, ritualistic work of these degrees and filled all the working offices of the lodge at different times. During these years too, he often represented Cheshire Lodge in the Grand Lodge of the state at their meetings in Concord and Manchester, either as the chosen representative or as Master or Warden of his lodge. In this way, the range of his acquaintances became enlarged, and he enjoyed a good degree of satisfaction in seeing Cheshire Lodge take a good rank among her sister lodges. He was twice chosen by the Grand Lodge as one of their deputies over one of the masonic districts of the state, having several subordinate lodges under his jurisdiction. These appointments of one year each occurred in 1871-72. During this latter year, the writer suffered the fit of sickness alluded to earlier. This interfered some with the

discharge of his official duties. After his sickness, the strong interest in Free Masonry that he had enjoyed about ten years began to slowly decline. Various causes contributed to this. The chief one was the waves of religious revival the writer had enjoyed (as mentioned earlier) seemed to leave but little room in his affections for masonic affairs and consequently his attendance at lodge became more infrequent. At this time, the writer belonged to other societies, both secret and otherwise, and a corresponding decline of interest in them also appeared. A statement of these facts one day to his sister, Marion Ella, elicited from her this remark: "Henry, if I were you, I would take my name from all those societies and care to have it written only in the Book of Life." In his state of mind at that time, this remark had great weight. He began to feel that all human organizations were to some extent encumbrances in the earnest pursuit of eternal life, and so he decided to separate himself from the all, especially the Free Masonry. Accordingly in the early autumn of 1878, he asked the lodge for a demit, which was granted with much seeming regret and reluctance on the part of the lodge. Reasons for his action were rendered but they were not satisfactory except to the writer.

For a period of twenty years from this event, the writer remained outside of the order, yet on the kindest of terms with the lodge and all its individual members. The years of the greatest prosperity of Cheshire Lodge were from the time of its removal to Cornish Flat in 1862, until about 1875, a period of thirteen years. During this time, its membership was the largest of its entire history. Since that time, a slow though natural decline in the membership has marked the career of the lodge, even to the present time.

In 1898, the writer, by reason of earnest solicitation by many members of the lodge, consented to renew his connection with, and he was again received to its membership. This relationship has continued to the present time (1917), although for two years past he has not attended any lodge meeting owing to infirmity. During this second term of membership, he has endeavored to promote the welfare of the lodge in various ways as best he could. He served as Master and Warden and twice represented the lodge in the Grand Lodge of the state.

The writer's change of attitude regarding the relation of Free Masonry to religion may need a word of explanation. He believes that each may have a place in a man's life and that masonry can never be substituted for religion, and that one's religious life and growth must not depend in any degree upon the beautiful tenets of Free Masonry while on the other hand, masonry may receive fresh luster from its contact with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Sons of Temperance

The experience of the writer with this order was of short duration; hence its record will be brief. A flourishing branch or division of this order for many years existed in Claremont. The brother of the writer living there became an enthusiastic member of it. By him, he was persuaded to join this division. His impressions as to its being a hopeful means of promoting the cause of temperance were very favorable. He, with others, concurring, conceived the idea of organizing a division of Cornish Flat. Brethren and sisters of the Claremont division lent their encouragement to the project. Worthy young people of both sexes in town were solicited, and generally a favorable response was received. A charter was petitioned for and obtained from the Grand Division of the state on the evening of November 20, 1866, Cornish Division No. 6. Sons of Temperance were organized in Cornish Flat. A large delegation from Claremont were present and assisted in the ceremonies. The occasion was one of interest to all present. The writer was selected and chosen as the first Worthy Patriarch of the new division. About thirty persons of both sexes were initiated and took the pledge and became members of the new division and order. Thus auspiciously begun, the division was encouraged to move forward and provide itself with all needful paraphernalia and also a place to hold their meetings. A room in the basement of the church was soon furnished and made ready for their occupancy, and well-attended meetings were held there until the autumn of 1867.

At this time, misfortune befell the division. Possibly it might have been averted had a reasonable warning been given. The pledge of the

order forbids the use of sweet cider as a beverage, as emphatically as it does any intoxicating drink. A considerable portion of the division, especially the younger portion, had unwittingly violated their pledge by drinking sweet cider. The dilemma was a serious one. Discipline was attempted, but it was met by vigorous opposition. The matter was compromised as best it could be, but the affair proved a disastrous blow to the division, from which it never fully recovered. The division continued to hold its meetings with slowly diminishing numbers until the autumn of 1868, when it ceased to be active. From this slide, it never revived again. The furniture of the division was sold. Thus ended a well-intentioned effort to improve the temperance sentiment in town.

The charter and private ritual remained in the keeping of the writer, who was D. G. Patriarch at that time, until 1912, when he surrendered them to officers of the National Division. The moral principles of this order are excellent. Its motto, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," are symbolized by the red, white, and blue of their regalias. Too soon, the light of this division went out in darkness. None regretted its sad and early ending more than the writer, its chief promoter - and well he might.

Patrons of Husbandry

This order is of more recent date than either of the two preceding. It admits to ladies on the same footing as the gentlemen, and grants them equal rights and privileges in all its affairs.

It was introduced into Cornish by Dudley Chase, the Grand Master of the state, on March 25, 1874. On this date, Cornish Grange was organized. The writer with his companion, both untied with the grange on the May following, at the Congregationalist vestry. A goodly number of the best citizens of Cornish of both sexes joined the order and held their meetings twice each month. They met a number of times when first organized, but later they took possession of their newly prepared grange hall, which they have occupied ever since. The privileges and pleasures of this association for nearly three years were many and enjoyable. Soon after this, for various causes

the interest slowing began to decline, and members absenting themselves, until only a faithful few remained. The writer and his companion were dropped some time in 1877. Misfortune had entered their home. Their attendance on the grange, for them, was now impossible. Their little daughter, Ida Louise, then six years of age, was shockingly burned on October 27, 1876, and this suffering child demanded all of her parents time, care, and attention, and for many months afterwards. (Further mention of this sad affair will be made later).

From the time of this casualty, the grange lost every charm to these parents, and they never again resumed their connection with the Cornish Grange. They however, retained a pleasant remembrance and love for the order. On August 28, 1896, a new grange was organized in Cornish Flat, called Park Grange No. 249. About two years after this, the writer and his companion were received into the fellowship of this grange, and their union with it continued until about 1915. Their attendance has been as constant and regular as circumstances would admit, but this age and increasing infirmities began to seriously interfere with their attendance and for this reason alone, they withdrew from the order. But the writer delights to leave on record the fact that Park Grange has afforded him and his companion a fund of real pleasure and benefit during all these years. They have taken part in many programs and heartily enjoyed the fellowship of all the members of the group, and received from them all the respect and honor due them. When the grange was first instituted in 1874, one of the leading motives was to combat the high prices of some of the leading necessities of life. In this, it was measurably successful. This feature, combined with its solid privileges, lay at the foundation of the institution or order. Later, and especially in Park Grange, the financial feature has been eliminated and an education program has been substituted in its place. This has rendered the grange much more attractive than formerly. Discussions, recitations, essays and music, and perhaps other exercises now make up the chief entertainment if each evening, while the social feature of each occasion has been heightened thereby. The grange does not claim to be strictly a religious body, yet all its teachings are in close harmony with the strictest rules of morality and religion.

12 OTHER BUSINESS VENTURES

During a few weeks of each of the winters of 1873-76, the writer was induced to accept an agency for the sale of "Hathringers Champion Carpet Sweeper." His territory was Cornish, Meriden, Claremont, Newport, and Charlestown, NH, as well as Windsor, VT. He spent a number of days in each of these places and sold a goodly number of the sweepers, which he delivered on each of the following springs. The profits were fairly remunerative and the venture proved more successful than any former undertaking. His brother-in-law, J. J. Hathringer, was the patentee, and therefore controlled all territory for its sale. But in this case he made no charge for territory but very generously gave him permission to sell in the above named towns, free of all charge. He would be at home at least every week, and so have a partial oversight of affairs at home. The care of the stock devolved chiefly upon his son, William Palmer, then 16, 17, and 18 years of age. After the delivery of the winter's sales, the writer would return home and resume the duties of the farm.

In January and February 1882, the writer felt it a duty to engage with the N.H. Bible Society for the canvass of the town of Cornish in the interest of the society. He made a complete canvass of the town, visiting every home. He returned home each night. This

employment was well suited to his taste, but the profits were small. He would have continued in this work, but he could not be away from home during the busy season then approaching; so he relinquished the work, and found another man who took up the work.

Again, during the autumn of 1883, the writer became much interested in the merits of a steam cooker. He had purchased one for his own use, and it strongly commended itself to him and his family a practical article for family use. Through the agent, Granville Rowell of Claremont, he became acquainted with the patentee and owner, whose office at this time was in Ayer Junction, MA. He spent a few days there receiving introductions from the company, and finally engaged with them to spend a portion, at least of the Hartford, Norwich, Sharon, and Royalton. After a proper adjustment of affairs at home, he left for Hartford, and began the canvass about the middle of October. Completing Hartford, he next went to Norwich, and later to the other towns. He continued in the business until March 1884, when he left the business and returned home. This venture was fairly successful financially, but the agent never enjoyed the uncertainty of an agent's success, and much less, his absence from home. The care of the stock and other affairs there was entrusted with his youngest son, Edwin L., then sixteen years of age, who was ever faithful to his trust in all things. He had the care of all the stock belonging with three barns, besides attending district school on the Flat. Near the beginning of the winter, a very unpleasant and trying circumstance transpired. While the writer was engaged in canvassing in Hartford, he received a letter from home, telling that while he, Edwin, was working in the woodlot on the hill that in felling a tree, a limb struck a steer (one of the yoke he was working) on his head and instantly killed him.

The steer was one of a family pair and well broken for service. The loss was keenly felt by Edwin and all the family. It, however, was not an entire loss. It was properly bled, dressed and sold, but all plans regarding the favorite pair of oxen were blasted and the mate was afterward sold for beef. No one felt disposed to censure Edwin, or anyone else, but rather, everyone was moved with sympathy for the family and especially for him. Nothing else of note in the family

happened during the writer's absence that season. In March, he was once more at home and more than ever settled in mind that home was the place a farmer should devote his energies. His success in this last venture was fair financially, but this was the last enterprise of the kind the writer ever engaged in away from home. With increasing years, the home feeling has correspondingly increased, so he has abandoned all projects that would draw him away from it, and directs his attention and energies to the improvement of the farm and buildings. In this decision he was heartily seconded by his son, Edwin, whose faithful and reliable services were at this time available—he then being in the strength of young manhood, in the years just preceding his majority.

Bee Keeping

Among the minor industries, the writer has tried bee-keeping as a source of revenue on the farm. The gift of a swarm of bees from John Freeman¹¹ in 1879 formed a starting point of this business. This swarm was successful in throwing off two swarms the first season, which in turn, the following season began to multiply until a dozen or more swarms were on hand. The business was somewhat fascinating to the writer, which caused him to invest considerably in new hives and other fixtures at the first. But soon reverses occurred, which after a time caused his interest in the bees to abate. After about a dozen years of uncertain results, the business was abandoned altogether. It could not be counted a great source of profit to the writer, yet the income perhaps slightly exceeded the loss and expenses. But the privilege of having a luxury constantly on hand, was of no small account.

Heater and Fruit Drier

In 1875, while attending the “Fair” in Claremont, the writer's attention was called to the “Roswell Heater and Fruit Drier” as shown by Alvin B. Stone of that town. Its claims and workings

¹¹ Probably the son of the U.S. Representative from New Hampshire by the same name.

appealed at once to the writer, as an excellent means of preserving the fruits of the farm by evaporation, and for putting on the market a neat and wholesome product, of better quality than as ordinarily prepared. He accordingly purchased one of them for \$75 and soon found it to be a good investment. Its ordinary capability was about three bushels of fruit per day - preparing all ready for the market. As there was an abundance of fruit - especially of apples on the farm - this machine was employed throughout the fruit season for several years at a good profit. It enlisted the interest and labors of the whole household who have always rendered willing and faithful service in everything promoting the financial interests of the family. The amount of income from this source was considerable, although no account was kept of the amount of business done that way.

Land Drainage

The problem of how to make the farm pay a good profit over and above the cost of living, and all other expenses had never been solved. As before seen, various plans looking into this end had been considered and tried, yet none of them had proved successful. The debt contracted nearly thirty years previously instead of diminishing had increased fearfully. Years of hard labor had been spent on the old farm, each one seeming to promise a surplus for the liquidation of the debt, but generally failed to do it. All the while there existed an inexpressible longing to be free from debt. The wet and boggy parts of the meadow that heretofore had yielded scarcely no profit, were next considered. Sometimes the idea of converting them into a cranberry meadow seemed feasible, but no steps were ever taken to carry out such a plan.

In 1886, a plan was formulated that was carried into effect on this and several succeeding years. It was that of adopting a thorough system of tile-draining on such parts of the meadow as most needed it. A carload of round tile was purchased of Jackson Brothers of Albany, New York. A trial plot of about an acre of wet land was selected on the lowest part of the meadow. This was ditched, running straight parallel lines twenty-four feet apart, and two and one half feet deep, and the tile was placed in it and covered. On the first

and following seasons, all observers were delighted at the great change. This land, before ditching, did not produce enough hay to pay for harvesting it, and this was of inferior quality. But after tiling, it was covered with immense crops of corn, potatoes and all kinds of garden crops were easily raised and at a good profit. And it seemed as if the right plan had been adapted to aid in ridding the farm of debt. A considerable portion of the meadow needing drainage received it and large crops invariably resulted, but the declining strength of the writer was becoming more and more manifest each succeeding year, and proper help was hard to secure. For these reasons, the work of tiling the meadow was suspended before the work was fully completed.

Since the twentieth century was ushered in, all matters relating to drainage have been at a standstill. The natural result of this is a slow return to primitive conditions. The spade needs a new master and strength and intelligence to use it, reopening closed ditches and tile and in this way the meadow would resume her former productiveness.

During the years of activity in tile draining, the writer was accounted authority on the subject and was invited to give several addresses on the subject for printing in State Board of Agriculture at their sessions in Plainfield, Chichester, Webster, Dunbarton, and other places, and he also prepared papers and essays on the subject for printing in state papers. He has superintended the drainage of large fields for Austin Corbin and others of lesser note. He has also been agent for the sale of the round driver-tile of John H. Jackson of Albany, New York. This he has purchased extensively and sold many carloads to other parties besides using large quantities at home. He was also an agent for Reads Fertilizers from 1894 until 1911, when he passed the agency into other hands.

Cornish Creamery

This creamery was established in September 1888. The writer ventured to purchase three shares of the stock and he became a regular patron of it. The products of the dairy heretofore had been

largely consumed on the farm. After this, the surplus not needed at home could readily be converted into money. This fact proved an incentive for increasing the dairy, which was accordingly done to bear the full capacity of the farm.

Meanwhile the increasing profits from the tiled land continued. If a liberal inflow of money can be counted a success, these times were successful years. But it all required diligent toil. During this time he received the valued cooperation of Edwin L. But these circumstances could not long continue. Several changes took place in the family, and new plans were laid. The marriage of Edwin L. to Ida Ford of Danbury, NH on February 15, 1894, was opening a way to his separation from the parental home. A newly wedded couple usually prefer living by themselves and having a home of their own and this case was no exception to the general rule. After a few months, he and his companion left the old homestead, much to the regret of the writer and his companion. He became identified with the Cornish Creamery, where he spent twelve years chiefly as Superintendent of the Creamery. Edwin's place on the Child farm was never completely filled again.

13 FINANCIAL AND REAL ESTATE RECORD

A record of all real estate transactions during life, together with the financial standing of the writer during the same period, form the main features of this chapter. It is not offered as a standard or model inviting others to imitate, but like the general trend of the memoirs, seeks only to relate the truth, whether commendable or otherwise.

This record, written and inserted afterwards, may possibly show a little repetition or recapitulation of facts elsewhere mentioned in these memoirs, but this may be pardonable for the sake of presenting the subject clearly and by itself.

The Child farm originally consisted of one hundred acres. It was selected from the original grant of Cornish lands by Stephen Child Senior, who came to Cornish on March 18, 1775. It is the fifth lot, of the sixth range of lots, according to the original survey. Lying south of this lot, and running its entire length, was a plot of land about forty acres that was the gift of Dudley Chase to his daughter, Mercy, the grandmother of the writer. When Stephen Child married Mercy Chase on September 7, 1778, a corresponding union of their lands took place, and the two plots became one farm, there being no reservation of rights on the part of his wife. Soon afterwards a plot of ten acres of woodland adjoining the NW corner was added to the

farm, making it consist of one hundred and fifty acres as owned by the grandfather of the writer. This afterwards came into the possession of Stephen Child, Jr. The only change during his ownership was the sale of ten acres from the northern side in about 1835. This was done to better accommodate a neighbor to pasturage and water. So during all the early years of the writer's life, the farm consisted of about one hundred and forty acres. It was "farmed" in the usual average way for those times. It was free from debt and worth about two thousand dollars, as real estate was then rated.

During those years, the idea of riches or poverty was seldom entertained. To work hard and obtain from the farm enough to furnish a comfortable living, raising enough surplus to buy what was needful, pay the taxes, and have a little money for charities and necessities, and thus "carry the year around," was called doing well -- well enough and rich enough. This was the understanding of the writer for many years, even after arriving at his majority. In the autumn previous to his marriage (January 1, 1857) being then twenty-three years of age, he came into possession of the Child homestead by a will (with bond) from his father, agreeing to pay the other heirs about \$1050, without interest, with eleven years to pay the same.

During these eleven years, the debts were scarcely diminished at all. At the end of this time, it became necessary to hire money (by mortgage) and discharge those obligations. The writer's eldest sister, Eliza June, saw fit through the kindness of her heart, to relinquish a part of her claim to the amount of one hundred dollars. The balance of the indebtedness was all discharged by hiring the money from individuals and Claremont Savings Bank. As a matter of course, interest henceforth would accrue and thus increase the indebtedness at a more rapid rate. It then became evident that other and extra means must be employed or soon lose all. Therefore, all the agencies and industries heretofore mentioned were employed, carrying on the farm to the best advantage possible - raising turkeys and other poultry. All of these gave but partial relief until 1888, when affairs took a turn that brought great relief after a struggle of over thirty years. In September of this year, Loren Atwood of Windsor, VT, came and purchased the wood and timber upon a twelve acre lot lying east of the cemetery for the consideration of seven hundred and

fifty dollars. Although the writer disliked to lose this beautiful wood lot, yet the sale of it was truly a god-send in his financial need. During the same month (September 1888), Cornish Creamery began operation. As stated earlier, it enabled the farmers who patronized it to receive monthly returns for whatever milk the furnished. The writer was enabled to patronize this creamery much to his pecuniary advantage. These returns together with the money from the sale of the wood lot enabled him to diminish the deb to a minimum the first season. The gardening had at this time become a considerable source of income. Large crops grew readily on the tiled land, and were favored with a good market in their sale. So gardening became a powerful help in lifting the remaining portion of debt from off the farm. With all these means at hand, the long-standing debt was entirely removed and a little surplus began to materialize. It was a happy and long-looked-for day when the last dollar of that old debt was paid and the writer could truthfully say that he owed no one on earth a single cent! This became true about the year 1893.

The creamery still continued to be patronized and has been ever since to the present time. The writer has received over five thousand dollars from it, from milk brought to it and from interest on stock.

The gardening and sale of celery has continued until age and failing strength of the writer has caused him to suspend raising them except such amount as was needed for home use.

In order to carry out the later purposed of the will of Stephen Child, Jr., made October 21, 1865, in regard to the desired apportionment in behalf of Philander C. Child, the writer was prevailed upon to purchase from Russell Farwell certain real estate in Claremont, and to deed the same to his brother, Philander, as follows: "A certain plot of land situated east of the New Cemetery in Claremont, consisting of a half acre of land," whereon the said brother afterwards erected buildings and resided many years. The land cost \$350, of which the writer paid \$200 of the sum.

On September 25, 1865, the writer purchased a timber lot of Thomas Holbrook on Croydon mountain, consisting of nearly thirty acres ,for a consideration of seventy five dollars. When the land for Corbins

Park was purchased, this lot was sold at a profit, and afterwards enclosed among others in the park.

On August 23, 1882, the writer purchased the southern part of the Leslie farm--lying north of the Child farm--a plot of about thirty-five acres, and added the same to the Child farm, for a consideration of \$350. This purchase included the tillage land and buildings. This increased the Child farm to 175 acres.

On October 25, 1870, the town of Cornish purchased of the writer, a plot of land 41 east of the meadow, consisting of a little over two acres of land for a cemetery, for \$80.17. It is called the "Child Cemetery."

The foregoing includes all the transactions in real estate the writer ever engaged in. He has never sought to engage in it only as far as it related to his home interests.

In February 1917, the writer would mention a series of transactions more recent than the foregoing: in November 1913, he sold the whole Child farm for the consideration of \$4000, with the privilege of remaining on the place until April 1, 1916. The purchaser, John W. Burns, desired the privilege of cutting and removing the lumber. Eleven months after he bought it, the timber having been cut on October 31, 1914, the writer and his companion each contributing one half the purchase price, bought back such portion of the farm as would constitute a home for them during the remainder of their lives, for the consideration of \$2500. This purchase included all the real estate of the former farm, except the land lying east of the Claremont road. It was a mistake in selling at the first, and many times regretted afterwards. The mistake found its origin in seeking some way to avoid the heavy responsibilities of the farm as age and daily strength came on. The intent was good, and shared by all the family, and no fault is attached to any one.

We are living here awaiting our time.

March 22, 1917

14 FAMILY RECORD

A brief record of the immediate members of the Child family in these memoirs seems a matter of convenience, if not a necessity, as allusion to its different members is frequently made on these pages. For relatives more remote, the reader is referred to Vol. 2, Cornish History. For the immediate family, the reader is referred as follows--

For Chase Genealogy, see pages 60-62

For Child Genealogy, see pages 83-85

For Atwood Genealogy, see pages 5-7

The record of the writer's parents is as follows:

Stephen Child, Jr. b. August 20, 1792----d. February 1, 1866

Elisa Atwood, b. April 21, 1801--d. December 31, 1891

Stephen and Elisa married March 20, 1822

Their children were:

1. Elisa June, b. June 13, 1823--d. November 29, 1915

Freeman Woodard--lived in Manchester--d. Feb. 1, 1900

Elisa and Freeman married May 4, 1868

2. Philander Chase, b. September 30, 1824---d. February 6, 1903

Sarah Hodgdon--married Philander September 20, 1846--d. October 1, 1897 d. February 6, 1903

3. George Franklin--b. July 18, 1827--d. August 22, 1834

4. William Henry--b. December 22, 1832
5. Marion Ella--b. October 6, 1844
Joseph Hatlinger married Marion July 10, 1867

William Henry Child--b. December 22, 1832

married Ellen F. Leighton, b. August 9, 1836--their children follows:

1. William Palmer--b. November 15, 1857--d. December 4, 1860 in Australia
married Annie Scott of England--they lived in Australia.
2. Frank Eugene--b. April 19, 1859--d. April 4, 1860
3. Hattie Lillian--b. December 28, 1863
married Reuben C. True on November 14, 1883
Their children Mary Cutter, b. November 30, 1886, d. November 17, 1898; William Bradley, b. June 3, 1890; Olive Lillian, b. September 8, 1898.
4. Edwin Leighton, b. May 15, 1867.
married on February 15, 1894 to Ida Louise Ford, b. April 16, 1867
Their children:
Ford Leighton, b. February 22, 1895, do January 7, 1904
Roswell Towle, b. May 12, 1898
Edna Lizzie, b. October 19, 1903
5. Ida Louise, b. February 7, 1879
married Alfred W. Sibley June 15, 1898--lived in Worcester, MA--children, Marjorie
Lucille, b. March 17, 1899; Harold Child, b. June 30, 1901

15 DIARY KEEPING

On February 28, 1850, the writer, then being seventeen years of age, began to keep a daily journal. He was incited to do this because others of his acquaintances were making it a matter of seeming importance. He had not consulted his own resources and therefore did not know whether or not he possessed the “gift of continuance”, as this is an important gift in the business. After a life long trial it proved that in this respect, he lacked quite a little. One who faithfully keeps a diary will soon learn that he or she has a life job on hand, until the hand that writes becomes chilled in death or palsied with age.

His first attempt continued until May 7, 1852, not missing a single day for one year, seven months and fifteen days. After this date, he rested from diary keeping until the 22nd of December 1853. This was counted a favorable time to begin again, it being his 21st birthday. With a full determination, he set out this time to continue to the end, or until nature in some way caused him to abandon it. The attempt, so well begun, lasted until August 20, 1860, a period of 6 years, seven months and twenty-eight days. A strenuous pressure of business tempted the writer to neglect writing until it became impossible to make a correct record, and so it was omitted until the opening of the year 1861 when he resolved he would again take up the work. Pocket diaries were now supplanting all other kinds. So,

the writer purchased on 1861 a diary which he endeavored to use faithfully. Each succeeding year for a period of fifteen years or until May 5, 1876, he annually purchased a diary and most of the time it was faithfully kept as a daily record. The aggregate of days omitted would not exceed a year in all and these omissions were covered by circumstances beyond the control of the writer. In the winter of 1872-3 he was compelled to stop writing a few months, being prostrated upon a bed of sickness as related earlier. After this sickness, during the year 1873, the writer felt a reluctance to writing; hence, the records were imperfectly kept - many days written up while others were left bland.

On the beginning of 1874, he resumed the record and continued it without many break until May 5, 1876 when, for reasons not now remembered, nearly all records suddenly ceased and was never afterwards resumed. Thus, the time the writer kept a diary was about twenty-three years. It covered an important part of the first half of the life of the writer. The last forty years of his life, hours abounded with valuable material and it would be very gratifying to him if he had a well-written diary covering it all. A well-written diary is truly a book of reference for its writer in his declining years. He enjoys a review of his life and thus lives over again the otherwise forgotten portions of it.

Now whatever is lacking in these records of the writer here, it is all elsewhere written--not on paper, but on human lives. The Master's hand has recorded it all and with greater precision and accuracy than is possible for human minds and hands to do.

16 CHOICE COMPANIONSHIP OF FORMER DAYS

It is a well-known experience of most adults that the memories of years long gone by are sweet and pleasant to contemplate. The aged, middle aged, and even the youth delight in thinking and speaking of their past lives. Much of their time is spent in relating something that has transpired in their experience. Especially is this true of the aged. The writer knows the charm that memory brings to their mind in contemplating the scenes, events and circumstances of their earlier years. How they delight to revel in these and live them over again and again. But it is not the scenes, events and circumstances alone that bring the satisfaction that is so much enjoyed. It is the presence and association of our dear friends in all these that imparts such a relish for them. It is the part that they played that gave the life and enjoyment to those events--that causes them to be remembered. The friends of our past years: how many there were, and how they figure in our memory. The writer feels justified in devoting a few pages, if need be, to a brief mention of some of these.

Allusion has already been made in a general way in connection with some other subject. The number of district schoolmates were very

numerous and the writer retains pleasant memories of them all. From this number he would select for special mention the name of Henry E. Rich, whom he knew from his first entrance into the schoolroom until he entered the rest that remains for the people of God--sixty years later. He was born March 12, 1834, and died August 2, 1900. An amiable upright man, his friendship was as unchangeable and lasting as life. It was the privilege of the writer to maintain throughout his life an intimate association and friendship that never was broken or even disturbed. In the district school at the academy, during many years in church and Sunday School work, brother Rich was always an amiable, generous and gentle counsellor and friend. The writer is glad to inscribe this to his memory and could say even more. Many others of the district school he could name whose memory is dear to him. Outside, in adjoining districts, were several more, still prized in memory.

Leaving the district school period, the writer became introduced to a large circle of students of the academy in Meriden. During the years while there (1850-1856) his acquaintance was quite extensive yet only a small percentage of the students became his choice companions. Some were very dear indeed--notable one--the dear lady companion of his entire married life. This was the only lady acquaintance allowed, so no others will be given.

We note a few names of gentlemen who entered largely into the life of the writer. Mention has already been made of Robert Ford. Perhaps he took the lead of most of them in the affection of the writer. Mr. Ford's friendship was abiding--always true, never disposed to censure, and even if the writer became in a measure indifferent, an interview with him seemed to restore everything to warm-hearted friendship. He became a successful preacher of the gospel--had several pastorates, and finally retired at his Master's call in 1909. We miss him. We mourn for him, yet hope to meet him again in the near bye and bye.

Andrew J. Hart, another student of the academy, was a quiet conscientious Christian gentleman for whom the writer had a fond regard. Acquaintance with him lasted by little longer than his academy life. He became a celebrated physician. Henry A. Crandall,

a classmate, was from Hartford, VT. He was a true and tried friend, and an exemplary Christian gentleman, and has since made a good life a physician. Cyrus E. Baker, an intimate friend and roommate of the writer, also became a physician and surgeon - went into the army, contracted disease and his end came soon after the war closed. Alexander Gardiner, afterwards Col. of NH 13th Reg. volunteers, and Charles Wright of New York City, were both dear friends of the writer. Arthur Little, a classmate, afterwards eminent as a preacher, with rank of D.D. - and many other classmates. Nor would he forget the names of two dear fellow students from Cornish - Albert E. Wellman and Lysander Spaulding. The sweet relationship of dear friends continued with the former one until the writer saw his remains lowered into the grave July 18, 1892. He was a good man, and the writer's remembrances of him are very tender.

The list of Meriden friends might be extended much longer, but perhaps the above may suffice. In church and evangelistic work, the writer has found some very dear friends. Of these he cannot speak too highly. His labors and callings have necessarily brought him into alliance with others of similar aims and tastes. The tie that binds such kindred hearts is stronger than friendship's ordinary tie, called human affection. It has a higher and heavenly origin, and therefore may well be stronger. Two names already mentioned--Rich and Ford--belong to this class. Each of these have been a great spiritual help to the writer, thereby much increasing his love for them. The name of Samuel M. Sherburne causes a joy to spring up in the heart of the writer. His was a sweet, amiable and unselfish spirit, closely attentive to the Master's will in all things, ready to bestow his substance and favors wherever most needed, and go where the Master called. He heartily joined the writer in holding a series of evangelistic meetings one season in a schoolhouse north of the Flat. He was truly a beloved brother in Christ. The writer knew him from 1860 until his death in 1900. He was beloved and respected by the entire community. Thomas E. Prout and wife were fellow workers whom the writer much enjoyed - Methodist, and seeking a full salvation. Edward Francis and wife, another couple whose minds were open to receive large blessings, were also very dear.

All the named above associated with the writer at several seasons of the Claremont Junction Camp meeting where all received great blessings. Many others there are still remembered very tenderly. We dislike to pass them by unnamed, for they were worthy. But most of these have passed over the river and are awaiting their loved ones who remain.

17 A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT

The year 1876 was a year marked by an event that left a deep impression stamped on the mind of the writer. In the autumn of that year, all our children were at home. William Palmer was then attending a select school on the Flat. The others were all about home aiding their parents in the varied duties of the farm incident at that season of the year.

On the 25th of October, a serious and soul trying accident occurred in the home. The writer had left home for Windsor, VT on business, leaving a kettle of cider suspended upon a pole to be boiled down by the children during his absence. The youngest, Ida Louise, then but six years of age, ventured so near the kettle containing the cider that her clothes caught fire. The means for extinguishing the fire were not readily at hand, so she ran with her garments blazing several rods to the house where she was met by her mother who after vigorous efforts with water succeeded in extinguishing the flames. On removing the remains of her burnt clothing, it was found that she was shockingly burned. Dr. G. W. Hunt was summoned as quickly as possible; who examined her case, administered palliative care as best he could, but gave very little encouragement as to the outcome in her case. On his way home from Windsor, the writer met the doctor, who informed him of the affair. With a sad heart he arrived home as quickly as possible, and when he entered the room of the little sufferer, the sight of that dear suffering child blackened and burned as she was and horror stricken countenance was about all he could endure. Neighbors and sympathizing friends flocked in to render any possible aid, but nothing could mitigate the suffering of

the poor innocent child. The extent of her burns was so great that the doctor and all others could entertain but little hopes of her recovery. The “shock of nature” to the sufferer was so great, there was no perceptible pulse during that day, and the stomach would retain nothing that she swallowed. The fond and loving parents and the other children became the unwilling witnesses of extreme suffering. That night was a night of horror to the sufferer and also to all the household.

On the afternoon of the following day, the crisis seemed to come. She had continued to sink into a partially unconscious state, with sufferings apparently diminishing - leaving bystanders to think that death was near. All at once, nature seemed to rally, and her sufferings again began. Was it right that the prayer of faith should be presented that the life of that dear child should be spared, and that she might eventually recover? Nevertheless, such prayer was offered, and the witness to a certain extent came of its acceptance. The writer well remembers the emotions of that hour. But, oh, what an amount of suffering was to be experienced on the part of the child, and how much heart aching anxiety must be endured on the part of the parents for weeks, months and even years to come, ere a complete restoration could be effected. The prospect seemed appalling, yet the promise was grasped and hope continued in full exercise ever after. It would be a tedious impossibility to describe all the sufferings of this poor child, prolonged as they were for many months. The sufferings she endured, the aching, anxious hearts the parents experienced during the same time, coupled with earnest prayer for her recovery - all this would fill pages.

But late in the following season, hope revived, in that prayer was being answered, and a degree of rest enjoyed while recovery slowly went on. Over forty years have since passed by. That little daughter recovered and has grown to be the mature and useful woman, the record of whose life reflects honor upon her own, and her father’s family. It is to be admitted, however, that some of the results of that unfortunate accident have remained with her even the present time. But her life thus spared has not been in vain, or devoid of a good measure of enjoyment.

18 TWO DISASTERS

The two events which constitute this chapter are inserted because the writer was familiar with all the circumstances of each of them, and they left deep impressions on his memory.

On October 6, 1872, early in the morning, the house of Abner Lull was burned, with all its contents, and his aged wife perished in the flames. The house was built many years before by Gilman Chase, and stood above and overlooking the Moses Chase sawmill. The origin of the fire has never been known. It began with the ell part¹² and woodshed, and the fire was well under way when first discovered by any one. The writer was occupying a chamber on the west side of his house, and happening to be awake about 2 a. m. saw it very light. On looking out, he saw that the light came from a large fire from behind the hill west of his house, which was sending up flames and smoke in a large amount. Instantly suspecting it might be a building on fire, he hastily dressed himself and hurried along the road towards the supposed fire. On turning the corner and coming in sight of the house, it was discovered on fire and even then it was too late to save any goods therefrom. He hastened to the premises, being one of the first who appeared on the scene. Soon saw Mr. Lull moving about, half dressed, seemingly dazed and bewildered. The writer asked him where Mrs. Lull was. He said "he did not know,--the last he saw of

¹² That is, an extension of a building or room that is at right angles to the main part.

her, she was running back into the house to get something out of a bureau--didn't know whether she came back or not.

The flames spread over the entire buildings and the crowd of people increased, but there was but little that could be done to save anything. The great query was, where is Mrs. Lull? The barn, standing at a distance, was searched, and even the saw mill down across the road was searched, but nothing was seen or heard of her. The conviction finally settled upon the minds of all present that she was in those flames. As the flames began to subside, and walls of the building had all fallen, an object lying on the floor of the sitting room was noticed and that it did not seem to consume as readily as the other matter did. After a while, the floor gave way precipitating all into the cellar. All present were convinced that the object seen on the floor were the remains of Mrs. Lull - which proved to be true. After the fire was sufficiently abated, the writer with others secured the fragments of those remains - just the thorax and chest--the head and limbs all consumed and removed. The remains were carefully placed in a box prepared _____ for _____ the purpose and removed for burial. This was a sad and unpleasant termination of an old time family. It, of course, unsettled Mr. Lull, and he soon after disposing of what little he had remaining, left town. They were old people. He was about 75 and she was 78. He went and lived with a son of his elsewhere.

On Thursday, the 27th of July 1848, a sad event occurred in Dodge Hollow, resulting in the loss of more lives than that caused by any other circumstances in town.

A cyclonic wind, accompanied by a heavy rain, swept down through the hollow from the northwest, uprooting trees and overturning a house containing eight persons - a mother and three of her children were instantly killed. This mother with five of her children had just left her own house, a few rods distant, and had taken refuge in another house nearby, occupied by the grandfather and his housekeeper. This proved a fatal step for the mother and her three children, as her own house was left unharmed. The grandfather and his housekeeper both escaped uninjured. Another child, a son, was

pinned among the debris. But the most remarkable circumstance attending the event was the miraculous sparing of the life of the little girl, the baby and pet of the household, not yet two years old. From under the bruised form of the dead mother, whose arms seemed spread in protection of her darling child, the little girl was rescued alive and unharmed. As soon as the tragic event was made known, the excitement ran high. Voluntary help was offered in abundance, and everything was done to care for the dead and mitigate the sufferings of the living. An older sister and her bother, members of the family, were away from home at the time. The bereaved husband and father - Andrew Dodge, then working in Barton, was, as soon as possible, notified of his great loss. He immediately came home - nearly heartbroken, yet submissive to the trying realities of the hour.

On the following Sabbath, the funerals were held in the Baptist Church at the Flat. Anticipating a large number of people and an overcrowded house, a pulpit was improvised attached to the outside midway between the upper and lower audience rooms, so that all in both rooms could hear the speaker, while outside the church were a large throng of people. Dr. Nathan P. Foster, then pastor of the church, preached the funeral sermon. The occasion was an inspiring one for him, and his address was one long remembered by all who heard him. Some of the expressions and impressions of that hour have ever remained with the writer. The quiet, calm Christian demeanor of Mr. Dodge as he stood beside his beloved dead was remarked by all beholders.

The occasion was one of solemn interest to all who were present. The writer then saw a lad of fifteen who was an interested witness of the various circumstances of this solemn dispensation of Providence. In the burying ground on the Flat, near the SE corner, the visitor will notice four tablets places close side by side, indicating the place where in a broad grave, four coffins were placed. These tablets also tell the sad tale. For additional particulars regarding the event, the reader is referred to Cornish History, Vol. 2, page 139.

19 TEACHING & SCHOOL BOARD

It may not be out of place to make a brief allusion to the writer's experience in teaching public schools. For many years while a learner in the common schools, and at the academy, teaching had been regarded by him as one of the most pleasurable and desirable as well as profitable employment. Indeed, to be a good teacher was for many years the goal of his ambition. Plans for other lines of business in life were made to give way to this, even after he had devoted a few months of his work. Each trial, however, at the work, although generally counted successful, did not yield the degree of satisfaction and enjoyment he had hoped for. He had found that he was not really at ease in the work like many other teachers of his acquaintance, but rather in a chronic state of anxiety regarding the outcome of his labors. He also began to learn that he lacked a certain amount of personal magnetism in order to win and retain the affections and secure the loving obedience of his pupils. Under such conditions, discipline is often attended and followed by results, not always pleasurable. Teaching in itself he always loved and enjoyed. Nothing suited him better than the recitation exercises of various classes in school. But whenever it became needful to restrain any tendency to lawlessness, he found he had not the faculty of doing it as easily as many other teachers did, except at the expense of more or less of good will of the pupil.

Becoming aware of these facts, the once ardent desire to excel in the profession of teaching began to subside, while the active duties of

home life on the farm seemed to absorb all desire or anything else. The foregoing statements are a little humiliating, yet true. Still the success of all his schools (save one) were counted and reported as excellent, but still never could overcome a measure of anxiety that rendered him ill at ease. Teaching, per se, as before stated, he has always loved, whether it be a class in the school room, or in Sunday School work, even at the present, is a very pleasurable employment. Under these circumstances, the writer deemed it best to abandon the occupation, so far as related to the district himself to other pursuits, while he still retained an ardent love for the success of schools, and all educational matters. In this attitude, the writer remained from 1861 to 1886--a period of twenty-five years.

In 1885, the old district school system was abolished. The old districts in Cornish - sixteen in number, were all dissolved and reduced to a single district, and a single set of officers were chosen in March 1886. These officers consisted of a school board, clerk, and treasurer. The school board consisted of three persons, and might be of either sex, and those were the sole managers of the educational interests of all the scholars in town - to determine the number and locality of all the schools--to hire and pay all teachers, furnish all school supplies--to examine teachers, and superintend their schools. It was the fortune of the writer to be selected as a member of the first school board in 1886. He was continued in this office for a period of ten years. This occupation was mutually enjoyed by all concerned. These ten years were during the formative and constructive period of the new law. But all such opposition became allayed in a few years. The writer's position on the school, and his services thereon elicited much commendation during those years, 1886-1896. The same law is in force today - March 1917.

20 A STORY FROM OHIO

As previously mentioned, the writer spent portions of the years 1858-60 in Ohio. While engaged as attendant in the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum in Columbus, an article appeared in the Ohio State Journal of December 1858, stating that the Coshocton County treasury had been broken into and robbed. The article stated that the treasurer, Samuel Ketchum, was sitting in his office alone at a late hour of the night when two masked men burst in upon him, overpowering him, one throwing a blanket over his head and throwing him to the floor, where they gagged and bound him securely, and literally wound him up like a ball, using a large amount of rope for the purpose.

Having thus secured him, they forced open the safe vaults and removed its contents amount to \$20,000. Having obtained this, the robbers fled leaving this victim, the treasurer, bound in his office in that unenviable condition. Here he remained through the night or until he was delivered in the morning when the alarm was made. The news, of course, produced considerable excitement locally, and the state and county papers had much to say regarding the affair. But of course, the county of Coshocton was the principal sufferer, and where the interest chiefly centered, so like all other similar events, it became an old story and nearly forgotten at the Capitol.

Before the writer left Columbus, he made engagements with a publishing house there for the sale of subscriptions and books. On the assignment of territory, he chose the county of Coshocton, as a promising field for such sale. At this time, the misfortune that had

happened in the county the previous writer was not in mind at all. So the engagement was matured, and on April 25, 1859, the writer took the cars at Columbus for Coshocton County. On the following day, he began the canvass of the town in its principal village, where all the county buildings were located. In the course of the canvass, he visited the different offices of the county officers, soliciting their patronage. Among the rest, he visited the office of the county treasurer. A man, wan and dejected, sat in his office chair. The writer made known his business to him, but he sat unmoved statue like, and apparently absorbed with other thoughts than those the agent was endeavoring to press upon him. After a period of silence, he spoke as follows: "Say Mr. Agent, I shall be compelled to deny you my patronage. I am a poor man. I have been very unfortunate of late. All my earthly property has been attached. My wife and children are soon liable to become entirely dependent on public charity, and therefore I shall be obliged to deny myself of many things that I otherwise might obtain." Then he added, "Haven't you heard of my misfortune? It has been published all over the state and beyond." Just then, it occurred to the writer what he had read the previous winter concerning the robbery of the county treasury and in a flash he asked, "Are the man that was caught and bound? Are YOU that treasurer?" He replied, "I am the very man. This is the very office where I was caught, and where a fearful struggle, and fearful it was, but more dreadful still was by being bound so long in such a horrid condition. It came near ending my life. My health, in consequence has been ruined, my earthly prospects blighted, and what little property I had is taken to restore as far as it will, the loss to the county."

After this pitiable recital, the agent could not press suit any longer, but with feelings of sympathy for the unfortunate man, he left the office.

In the further canvass of the county during the summer of 1859, the writer made many acquaintances and friends around the village of Coshocton. Just across the river from Coshocton, lies the little villa of Roscoe. This the writer made the center of his travels and canvass, and boarded at a hotel there kept by Dr. J. S. Trembly. Not far from this hotel was a little office or shop that was kept by one E.

Brown, which name was on a sign over the entrance. His business was loaning money at exorbitant rates, shunning notes and all other papers of value, in short, trying to get money from the misfortune of others. The writer made no acquaintance with Brown whatever. He was accounted a sharpster, a cutthroat, etc. by the community generally. Once the writer was in need of money in his business, and sought advice about going to Brown for help, but was promptly met by the advice, "Don't you do it!"

With this knowledge of men and things, the canvass by the writer ended, and he left the place never more to return. Nearly two years after the events and circumstances just related, the writer was again at home. The affair of the robbing was again nearly forgotten. It was in the summer of 1860. One day the writer saw in the New York Tribune, an item of intense interest to him. It was the trial, convicting and sentencing of three criminals from Coshocton, Ohio, to the State Penitentiary for a long term of years. Their names were given as Samuel Ketchum, E. Brown, and George Kaufman. The account in the Tribune lacked completeness in some respects. It did not state by what means or circumstances the matter came to light further than that some evidence had appeared show Brown to be accessory to the robbery of the Coshocton County treasure, and he was arrested and tried accordingly. Evidence accumulated against Brown that resulted in his conviction. Hereupon his counsel advised him to "turn state's evidence" and tell the whole story.

It ran like this: that the three engaged and conspired for the purpose of robbing said bank. It was planned that Ketchum should expose himself late at night in his office, and allow himself to be seized, gagged, and bound by the other two men, and that they should rob the vaults of all their funds, and that everything be done to avoid suspicion, and make it appear that the crime was committed by parties from outside the community. The confession of Brown led to arraignment and trial of all the parties, which resulted as the Tribune had stated.

The writer's knowledge of the men implicated and its occurring partially under his observation, has led him to retain the facts in his memory as he has related them.

21 ANOTHER STORY FROM OHIO

While serving as an attendant in the asylum at Columbus, Ohio, the writer had an experience one night that left an impression that was well calculated to remain. A certain patient, whose home was in a distant part of the state, died. The Superintendent, Dr. Ralph Hill, endeavored to notify the friends and relatives, that they might come and remove the remains. For some unknown reason, the communication was not received, and a delay occurred. Days passed, and no response came from friends. The condition of the remains required burial, and this was accordingly done. A few days after burial, a response came from the friends of the deceased stating that on the following day, a brother or some other relative would be at the asylum to get the remains and take them home. This was a stunner! But the conditions must be met: "There was no discharge in that war." It was therefore necessary to disinter the corpse with all its belongings, and wash and make presentable the unsightly remains by the rising of the morning sun. Four of the attendants and an assistant physician were detailed for this work. The unwelcome order from headquarters came to the room of the writer, stating that he was of the number selected to aid in carrying out the plan. The appointment and order were peremptory and must be speedily executed.

The body had been buried on grounds belonging to the asylum, many rods from it. It was on a dark and dismal night, March 13, 1859, when the little company started for the grave with all the necessary tools for the work. There was not even the struggling moonbeams, so the lantern duly burning was the only light we had. The place of burial was very wet at that season. The dirt was mud--the pail and dipper were nearly as necessary as the shovel. But we addressed ourselves to the task. The opening was soon made, and the coffin reached, but the lifting of it from its sticky, muddy bed, required much effort. Once out, the toilers could stop a while for breath. Still, but half of our heavy task was done, when the "clock told the hour of retiring," as the city bells then chimed the midnight hour. The half task remaining was to carry by hand the coffin from the place of interment to the undertakers rooms in the asylum. So the weird march was again resumed, being oft interrupted by halting seasons for rest. After a weary trudge, the load of mud and death was deposited inside the undertaker's room. A good sense of relief was then experienced by all the company. This part accomplished, the remaining of the work was left for other hands to do.

It now seemed good for the writer and his co-laborers to take a bath, and otherwise prepare themselves for the rest they all needed. Although a trifling event, it left its impression and the memory of it still lingers in the mind of the writer.

22 A KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY REMINISCENCE

This little story does not reflect any luster upon either the moral or intellectual character of the writer, indeed at this period of his life, he takes no pride in the remembrance of the event. At the earnest suggestion of friends, he consents to give an account of it as best he can from memory.

It was during the fall term of 1852. The writer roomed alone in the old Meriden House, in room No. 6--a little room on the west side, facing the residence of Samuel Duncan.

“Bryant’s Block” at that time was occupied by gentlemen students. In one of the rooms on the lower floor, roomed two students from Vermont, seemingly a little “irrelevant.” They were good, honest students, and took all things as a matter of fact, and their manners afforded some fun for the fun-loving student--they afforded good game for roguish students to play upon. It was planned to astonish them by ghostly appearances, hideous masks, etc. This had been tried on them once or twice with apparently satisfactory results.

The writer was apprized of the state of affairs, and, rogue-like, he readily agreed in the matter. A night was agreed upon when he should try his hand in the game. Headquarters for such proceedings were at No. 1 in the academy. The hour chosen for operation was about bedtime or 9:30 pm. The writer was promptly at No. 1 at the appointed time, together with an aid or accomplice. The cap, mask, and sheet were readily provided by the occupant of the room. The night was dark, or at least, moonless. It was decided to quietly repair to a spot in front of the Congregational Church, and there don the ghostly apparel, and from there to proceed to the room of their victims. The first part of this program was nicely carried out for the writer, accompanied by his aid, went to the proposed spot and there got in prime order for business, and was just starting on his ghostly mission, when he received a heavy blow on his back from behind, from someone having a cane of cudgel. Instantly turning around he saw the outline of a short man, dressed in black with a white vest. Accompanying the blow was the curt and brief inquiry, "Who are you, sir?" It did not take long to comprehend the whole situation. It was none other than the Principal of the Academy--Cyrus S. Richards, himself. The writer did not answer his question nor did he intend to answer it, but on the other hand, instead of using his voice, he applied all his nervous stimuli to his organs of locomotion, and if these were ever vigorously used, it was on this occasion.

Turning to the left, away from the meeting house, he ran due south until he struck the road nearly opposite Mr. Duncan's house, and thence turning west, he ran down the hill, its entire length or until he reached the mills. He then halted. All was still. He came cautiously back into the village by a different route and on a different gait from that in which he left it. The sheet which surrounded the ghost was at the first reduced to a small compass and secured from observation by putting it under his coat. This article had the benefit of the full round trip, but the cap and mask, what became of them? These had dropped on the ground soon after the race began. Could it be possible that the pursuers had picked them up? The thought gave uneasiness, but the pursued determined that when the still hour should come that he would search that race course, especially the part nearest the church where the race began, and if possible, find the missing articles. To his great relief and satisfaction, he found them

both. The whole village had now become still as a graveyard. It must have been about midnight. The lights were all out in the village--save one, and that one was shining moderately from the window of the writer's room. As soon as all was secured, he went to his room, turned out his light and retired to rest. Not much for a little while. Too much to think about. "Can it be possible that Mr. Richards has found or can find any clue of me? I have meant to do about right - simply thought of having a little fun with those greenies, and thereby have got into this pesky scrape! Perhaps it never will leak out, I hope not anyway."

Such and many more similar thoughts ran through the mind of the writer, so that his period of rest that night was somewhat brief. Next morning, everything appeared as usual. In Chapel exercises, no mention of anything unusual was made. The writer began to breathe a little easier. But the end was not yet.

On the second morning, he received a call from a fellow student--George M. Chase of Cornish. He had just had an interview with Mr. Richards, the Principal. The latter told Chase about the spook business, and how he had tried a race with one of them, and furthermore that such business must be stopped, and having full confidence in Chase, he appointed him a detective to ferret out those having anything to do with the business, and furthermore told Chase that he had better get "Child" to help him find out, if possible, who the rogues were. So the object of Chase's call upon the writer was to secure his aid in finding out who the spooks were!

As a matter of course, the writer agreed with Chase, that such business was bad, and that at all hazard, it must be stopped. While the confidence of Mr. Richards in the writer gave assurance that he knew nothing about the matter, still it was very humiliating to the latter to think that Mr. Richard's confidence in him was very much better than he deserved. It led him to resolve that his connection with spook business had come to an end, and it is needless to say that it troubled no one after this.

Two or three weekends after the events just narrated, another fellow student--Newton Wyman, also from Cornish, came to the room of

the writer, much excited, pale, and nearly breathless. His first solution was, "Child, you have got to leave school, and I, too. Richards has found out who it was that played ghost, and we both have got to go." This was a stunner to the writer, and Wyman further said--Richards wants you to come right down to his office, and you'll catch hell when you get there." The writer then asked Wyman how Mr. Richards found him out. Wyman replied, "I told him." The writer, naturally a little indignant, then asked him, "What in thunder did you tell him for?"

"I had to, for he said he had found out that it was I who helped you rig up for your ghost walk. He said he saw one run back behind the meetinghouse on that night, after I had rigged you up."

"Yes, but how did he find out that it was you, seeing it was so dark?" the writer asked.

"I don't know how he knew, but he took me and said he had found that it was me, and that if I did not tell him who the student was that I rigged up, he would expel me on the spot. So I told him that it was Child."

Wyman said that Mr. Richards said in amusement, "CHILD, CHILD? I thought him one of my most trusting students. You go tell Child to come to my office right away." Wyman then left the room. Any one possessing the proper estimate of a good standing among the worthy, can imagine the feelings of the writer at this time. But the die had been cast, and the breach of confidence had foolishly and unwittingly occurred. Most gladly would he have recalled every step he had taken in the matter, but this was impossible.

Within an hour from the time that Wyman left, the writer went to the office of Mr. Richards. With trembling step and heavy heart, and filled with shame and mortification, he ascended the stairs and rapped faintly at the office door. A fine cut little voice within said, "Come in." On entering, Mr. R. was on one knee at his stove fixing the fire. He arose and offered a chair to the writer. His next salutation was, "Child, you have been playing the fool a little, haven't you?" The reply was, "Yes." I suppose it was foolish, but we were

only having a little--didn't mean to do anything really bad." Suffice it to say that the state of the writer's mind at that time, rendered it favorable for a complete reconciliation which was speedily effected. He was not slow to promise that as far as he was concerned, there should be no further repetition of ghostly manifestations from him. And there never was.

23 ANOTHER REMINISCENCE FROM KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

During the winter term of 1854-55, the writer, then a student of the academy, roomed in a newly finished room attached to the store of Mr. Converse Cole. His roommate was William Little, who afterwards took high legal rank at the Bar in NH, and who spent his life in Manchester, NH. It was during this term that certain lady students – sisters, rooming at Bryant's Block, became dangerously sick. The writer had formerly made their partial acquaintance (and one of them afterwards became the wife of the writer). It became known that the hourly ringing of the academy bell was a sore trial to those sick students and was seriously affecting their condition. This fact, of course, enlisted the sympathy of many of their fellow students, including the writer of this reminiscence. By someone, it was suggested that if the academy bell should become silent for a few days, it would do Meriden no harm, and be much better for those who were chafing under its hourly ding-dong. Besides all this, the love of a good joke still lingered in the minds of many a hopeful student of K.U.A. Therefore, it was not surprised that a plan should formulate in the minds of some of the students, embracing humanitarian feature, and also the playing of a good joke upon the school. To this end, a plan was formulated to remove the bell tongue as quickly, quietly, and secretly as possible, and then, in common with others, enjoy the wonder of the silence that prevailed. The plan was born and adopted in the room of the writer. Seven male students, including him constituted the entire number who were a party to the secret. At this time, it was the fashion for male students to wear heavy woollen shawls instead of overcoats for street use, and most of them were thus provided. Near the close of the day following the plan, the writer was ascending the hill on the sidewalk, just SE of the academy, where he met A . G., who invited him to put his hand

under his large shawl. On doing this, the writer's hand came in contact with a huge body of cold iron, nearly two feet in length. The truth instantly flashed upon the mind of the writer that it was the academy bell tongue. He congratulated the early accomplishment of the feat. But there was no time or place to confer long upon the matter, so each party moved on without attracting the attention of anyone. A word, however, was said by the hearer, that a certain loose plank on the sidewalk down on the flat; after crossing the run, and before reaching the Baptist Church, would be a good place for a temporary deposit, provided the coast was clear on his arrival there. The plan worked successfully, and the bell tongue rested there until a safer place was provided for it. The writer never the saw the bell tongue again. The students of the academy now sat in silence as far as being hourly called to recitation, yet the bell of the church was called into use, ringing the morning, noon, and night hours, but all recitation hours were divided as best they could by their own individual time pieces. Of course this was very embarrassing for the school, but it did not last long. A new bell tongue was soon forged by Mr. Wingate, the village blacksmith, living near the top of the hill, and it was got into place as soon as possible, and thus the school obtained relief, and all things resumed their usual order. The loss of the bell tongue of course left its impression upon the faculty and all lovers of the school, and of good order. It was manifested in remarks made by citizens of Meriden, and especially in the remarks of the Principal in his morning lectures before the school.

With a new bell tongue performing its hourly duty, and the sick students having been carried home, the affairs of the loss of the old bell tongue, was apparently becoming forgotten and out of mind, but a plan had meanwhile been derived to keep the exploit in perpetual remembrance among the seven students who were most interested in it. One of these resided in Fitchburg, MA and he left Meriden just before the close of the winter term. He had become the custodian of the old bell tongue, and when he left, he carried it with him to MA. It had previously been arranged that he should carry it to an expert forger, that it should be weighed and cut up into seven pieces of equal weight, and that each of these pieces should be forged over and made into an exact copy of the original bell tongue, that each of the

seven students might have a remembrance of his connection with the affair.

The plan was carried out in all perfection. Seven bell tongues were forged so similar that each one was an exact copy of each of the others, and of the original tongue. Soon after E.G. had left Meriden with his old iron, a sweeping moral and religious resolution took place in Meriden, especially in the school. It seemed that nearly every student had become deeply impressed with the necessity of yielding their will to a life of service for Christ. Affairs that had deeply interested the minds of the students, now seemed to fade away, and give place to other and better things. The writer was one who enjoyed each of these experiences, and his memory still retains vivid recollections of all these events. The spring term of 1855 saw one of the greatest religious revivals ever experienced in Meriden.

On the day previous to the closing day of the Spring term - toward evening - our mutual friend and agent, E.G., came back to Meriden and came immediately to the room of the writer. Of course we were glad to see him, but somehow the chummy feeling experienced three months before had in a measure subsided. As he opened his valise, we saw the object of his call. The jingling of iron greeted our ears, and seven baby bell tongues greet our eyes. One was left with the writer and then he went on and completed the distribution among the others.

How little now we cared for that memento. We received it however, in excellent grace, paying our share of the expense. Today it lies at the bottom of a trunk, the same trunk the writer used at Meriden during his course there, the identical bell-tongues, the seventh part of the original, that summoned the writer and hundreds of others to recitations for so many years.

24 TWO VISITS TO ASCUTNEY, VT

On the 4th of September 1858, a small party decided to enjoy an outing to Ascutney Mountain. The party consisted of Mr. Israel Leighton and his two daughters (Mrs. Child being one of them), the writer and his sister, Marion Ella, in all five persons. Leaving home in Cornish early in the morning, they called at the State Prison at Windsor and there borrowed a telescope, and then rode two miles further nearer the foot of the mountain, and then put up the teams at a farm there, and they then addressed themselves to the journey of nearly three miles on foot, up the mountain. Along the way, they were joined by others, bent on the same journey to the same destination--the summit of Ascutney Mountain. On arriving at the top, they found a goodly number of people already assembled there--including the Windsor Brass Band. We soon learned that it was a day for a celebration on that summit. A new stone house, the first one ever erected there, was to be named and dedicated on that day, and so it was an occasion of general jubilation. In this, the writer and his party were ready to participate. Speeches were made, and songs sung, and the band played sweet music--made doubly sweet in the pure air of the mountain summit. The writer well remembers hearing for the first time the song: "My Darling Nellie Gray" sung, and its sweet melody is still fresh in the memory of the writer. The song was then new. After spending as much time as could be afforded besides eating refreshments, we retraced our steps down the mountainside. Sought our teams, went to Windsor, retuned the telescope, were

shown through the different shops of the prison, and then returned home at a late hour in the evening, somewhat tired. At that time, it was the universal verdict of the party that they had had an enjoyable time, but that one such tramp to the same place, was enough for any one for a life time.

On the 7th of September 1908, after a lapse of fifty years and three days, the writer, then 75 years of age, again on a holiday (Labor Day), felt inspired to try and make another ascent of Ascutney Mountain, but under different circumstances. The writer's company of the former event had all changed. Mr. Leighton, the father-in-law of the writer, had passed away. His two daughters were still living, but unable to take the trip being weakened by age, and for similar reasons, the sister was not there. Instead therefore of these, the writer had as his companions, his son Edwin L., with his wife and their son Roswell Towle--an all four in number, using but one team. It being a public holiday, a goodly number of other young people, who were bent on the same end, joined us on our journey to the foot, and in our ascent up the mountain. On arriving at the summit, our eyes greeted a like number of people as were assembled there fifty years before--perhaps nearly two hundred in all. Upon a canvass, it was found but two persons present now who were there fifty years before--one of them being the writer. The stone house erected for the former occasion, had during the lapse of half a century, crumbled and been torn down, but a new one had again been erected and enlarged.

The present occasions was a social picnic. A flag was raised over the new stone house. Speeches were made by several present. The writer also read a little poem he had prepared for the occasion. Altogether the event seemed an enjoyable one to all present. The descent down the mountain after this was quite different from that of the former occasion especially for with the writer. The aged body is not as well calculated to endure the jolting trudge as that of those in the elasticity of youth. The descent this time proved a little difficult for the writer, and left results that have never been entirely overcome. But nevertheless, he has never regretted the outing and the enjoyment of the day.

25 CORNISH HISTORY

At the time the subject of Cornish town history was first considered by the town, the writer was nearly sixty-five years of age. This was accounted to a favorable age to begin such an undertaking, because ordinarily a person of that age is not reckoned old enough to bring to the work a mind shattered by age and on the other hand, such a person is supposed to have an experience and memory embracing much more of time and events coming under his observation than a younger person. Perhaps the idea was a nice one at the first. But it was little thought at that time that the task was so great as that it would consume the time that it did. But before the fifteen years were completed, during which time the history was being prepared, the writer began to feel its burden, and so called counsel to his aid in the final work of publication, as related further on.

It was on the 10th of March 1896, the town first took action upon the subject. On this date, it was voted to have its history written, and the town voted to raise the sum of fifty dollars, and appointed Rev. James L. Jackson to prepare the history. A year passed by, and on the annual meeting, it was found that nothing had been done by Mr. Jackson, as the funds previously voted were thought to be insufficient for this purpose. Therefore, it was voted to give a larger sum for the purpose and a committee or historian was appointed to collect material preparatory to writing the history of the town. Dr. George W. Hunt was chosen as this committee with the privilege of appointing four townsmen to aid him in his labor. Meanwhile, a gift of one hundred dollars had been made to the town for the furtherance of the work, by Miss E. Fidelia Wright, a loyal descendant of one of the first families of the town. Dr. Hunt called

to his aid, Stephen Trudy, George Deming, William Sisson, and the writer. During the year 1897, the history was actually begun. Considerable work was accomplished in collecting material and data for the work.

The duty devolving upon the writer was to collect the monumental record in and around the town. This was a huge task. Every cemetery and places of burial, of all marked graves in and about town, were visited and all inscriptions were copied, together with many of the epitaphs. About 2500 graves were thus visited by the writer, and their data all copied. On the following March (1898), the reports being satisfactory, the town voted for Hunt to continue his work and that the writer continue to be his aid as heretofore, and that an additional sum of money be raised for the work. The work thus promised well until the following April, when Mrs. Hunt died. Her death was a fearful blow to her husband, and from that time, his interest in the history seemed to decline. His work on the history wholly stopped. The history rested during the remainder of 1898, 1899, and 1900, except what the writer accomplished. He all this while was collecting genealogical material from every available source.

On March 14, 1901, Dr. Hunt resigned his office as historian of the town. The town accepted his resignation, whereupon the town appointed the writer as sole historian for Cornish. This great responsibility was borne by the writer until March 8, 1910 at which time the work was nearly completed. At this time, it seemed a wise policy to ask the town to appoint a committee to examine the work already done, and give any counsel needed and to recommend to the town what, in their judgment, had better be done. The writer suggested the names of George Deming, William Balloch, and Fenna Comings, who were accordingly appointed. These all continued as faithful aids and counsellors until the history was ready for sale.

On March 13, 1911, the town appropriated sixteen hundred dollars to print the town history. This sum, together with the sum paid in advance by subscribers for their books, enabled us to pay the publishers in full for their labors, and the *History of Cornish* was ready for distribution by August 1, 1912. The edition, it sets of two volumes each, numbered 750 copies or sets in all. 600 of these were

in plain binding, and 150 copies or sets in half leather, with prices at 3.50 and 5.00 respectively.

The publication of the Cornish history was the beginning of a very agreeable surprise to the writer. Its reception by the public far exceeded the highest expectation ever entertained by him. Hundreds of flattering testimonials have been received by him - from nearly all who have received them. All this was very gratifying to him, inasmuch as it led him to think that the crowning effort of his life was not altogether in vain. This record of the *History of Cornish* will close by copying the kind words of the Committee in their final report to the town March 22, 1913:

“Few besides the committee can realize the vast amount of work performed by the historian in preparing this history. For several years, with little encouragement and much indifference, at least on the part of others, and to some extent then neglect of his own business, he has preserved, always optimistic as to the final outcome, even when the zeal of friends to the cause was at a low ebb. Now, having reached half a decade beyond the three score years and ten allotted to man, he sees the completion of his labors and realizes that his years of toil amid discouragements untold, now meets the almost universal approval of his fellow men, and it is well for the town, at this late day that the scattered threads of its history are brought together in form to be preserved for future generations, and long after the hand that wrought shall have crumbled into dust, the work will live a monument to his genius and persevering industry.”

Geo.L.Deming
William W.Balloch
Fenna B. Comings

Cornish History Committee

26 MISCELLANEOUS MORAL CHANGES

In looking backward throughout the years of the writer, he feels deeply moved on noting the social and moral changes that have taken place in the neighborhood and town during these years.

In early life, he was wont to look upon nearly all of his neighbors as a class of noble men, and women. It has seemed they were superior to their successors, and even now it is with difficulty that he can dispossess his mind of this impression. Making all due allowance for differences in his judgment between youth and ego, still the impression abides that they were persons of superior worth and character. Most of them professed a profound reverence for all sacred things. Very few absented themselves from the house of Divine worship on the Lord's day. The Sabbath's silence was never broken by the report of a gun. No fishing or sporting of any kind, but rather a preparation for and attendance upon the worship at each of the churches. This was the business of the day. Then there was both a forenoon and afternoon service at both churches besides in each a "third service" on every Sunday evening. These religious services were reasonably well attended. These with the necessary

chores left but little time for other recreation and pleasures as practiced at the present time. How changed! The Sabbath of today, by most of the people, is the day above all others devoted to pleasures and recreation, while but few comparatively attend divine services. The sanctity of the Sabbath seems unrealized and apparently forgotten. What will be the outcome? Under such hallowing influences as first named, our fathers and mothers were reared. Many families resident in Cornish were of this type, notably the Wymans, Wellmans, Richardsons, Days, Demings, Comings, Johnsons, and a host of others of equal merit, who lived in town, but now live only in our memories, but their remembrance is blessed to him who records this tribute to their honor. These families have nearly all passed onto their reward, and some families have become entirely extinct, but who will dare say that their pious example has become lost to those of the present day?

Old Folks Visit

Among the affairs of Cornish that the writer has been deeply interested in, is a gathering of the old folks on a Wednesday nearest the 20th of August each year. It was instituted in 1877, the writer became its secretary. With much pains-taking and loving interest, he addressed himself to its duties, as secretary, president, or leader, and it grew in numbers and interest to be a popular and enjoyable feast day. Nearly all the leading citizens of the town united in contributing to its popularity and enjoyableness. At the annual meeting in 1912, he took an affectionate leave of its labors and responsibilities by resigning and leaving them in the hands of others. This he did only because he began to feel the weight of years, and unable to do what was required in order to the continued success of the association. This, like all other such enterprises, needs active promoters to ensure continued success. For thirty years, he had assisted in greeting returning guests and doing what he could to render all of these seasons enjoyable. These gatherings are still continued; indeed it seems to have become a permanent organization in town and also in other towns. Further information regarding it can be obtained by reference to *Cornish History*, Vol. I, pages 258-262.

Temperance Habit

Whatever failings the writer may have had in many ways, he has always been able to truthfully say that he never, in any period of his life, acquired any habit or desire for the use of tobacco or spirituous liquor in of their forms. This fact has ever been source of pride and gratification, especially as years have increased. He takes pleasure in referring any young man to his own experience in his matter and of his own pride and gratification, and then urges men to forever abstain from their use. All arguments favor this policy.

The writer does not mention these things to any one in any spirit of boasting, but rather to stimulate such to self-denial regarding their rise. He is well aware that he deserves much less commendation than those with strong desires who have resisted and overcome their temptation. In no censorious spirit does he ever look upon any who unfortunately may have become slaves to a habit for those things, but rather he regards such with feelings of pity.

Political Record

In March 1854, the writer was privileged to cast his first vote - he having attained his majority on the previous December. From his parental training and example, and his interest in the newly formed party, he decided to unite his interests with this party - the Republican Party. Heretofore the party names were Democrat, Whig, and Abolitionist. The Republican Party was a sort of coalition of the two latter named parties, thus leaving only two parties in the field, namely Democrat and Republican. Thus, the way seemed clear for the writer to cast in his lot with the Republicans, whose principles were right. At this writing (1917), he can say that for more than 62 years he has been a legal voter, which right he nearly always exercised in the meetings of the town, both in local and national affairs. He has voted for sixteen presidents of the US. In every case, he has voted the Republican ticket for a president.

His first ballot for president was cast for John Fremont in 1856, who was defeated by James Buchanan at that election. In 1860, he voted for Abraham Lincoln, who was triumphantly elected. At the last presidential election (1916), the writer was tempted (at first) to break his lifelong record and vote for Woodrow Wilson because of his high appreciation of Mr. Wilson. After a second thought, despite his high regard for Mr. Wilson, he decided to vote for the Republican nominee, Mr. Hughes, in whom he also had great confidence - and this he did. The writer has shed no tears at the result of the election, as he believes the government is in safe hands. During the sixty years that the writer has voted in town, he has never carried any partisanship into town affairs, but invariably sought to promote the best men in town for office regardless of their party affiliations. He has never sought office, and never received the popular vote of the town, but still the town has in other ways conferred excellent honors upon him. He has no criticism whatever to make upon the action of the town in any respect regarding himself. The honor of preparing the *History of Cornish* is more gratifying than many years of repeated service in town office, or even in the state legislature. The town of Cornish is very dear to the heart of the writer, and he is ever ready to express his gratitude for all the honors it has conferred upon him.

Wedding Anniversaries

Two little anniversaries have brightened the pathway of the writer and his companion. As before stated, this marriage took place on the eve of January 1, 1857. This was the first and only real wedding of a long life. It took place in Hartford, VT in the home of the bride, before a large company of friends and relatives and solemnized by Rev. William Claggett of W. Hartford, VT.

Twenty-five years afterwards, on the eve of January 1, 1882, the same couple was met by their friends in their Cornish home. Neighbors and friends in Cornish and vicinity came in fair numbers, also a goodly number from other towns. A few were present who were witnesses of their marriage in 1857. The affair was by their children, intended for an agreeable surprise to their parents. It was conceived and largely made a success, through the self-sacrificing efforts of their

daughter, Hattie Lillian, being at that time nineteen years of age. In this she was joined by the other younger children.

Refreshments were served. Speeches were made by several and a historic poem was read, prepared by Mrs. Adoline Kinaman. Prof. Willis Coburn also rendered some of his comic songs. A collection had previously been solicited amounting to \$18.50 with which two valuable parlor chairs had been purchased, which were presented to the writer and his companion on that occasion.

Golden Wedding

Another quarter of a century passed by. The rumble of years was not heard, but silently and stealthily they came and went, each leaving its share of impression upon all, especially on the writer and his companion, now aged respectively: 74 and 70 years.

It was January 1, 1907, that they were once more surrounded by a goodly cluster of relatives and friends, all reminding them that they had spend a half century of married life under this old roof tree. The arrangements had been made complete, and the affair was very enjoyable. Congratulations of friends were profuse and hearty. Both afternoon and evening were devoted to social and formal exercises. Music was furnished by Park Grange. Rev. T. C. Russell invoked the Divine blessing on the aged couple and all present. After this, Mr. George Denning, who had been chosen Master of Ceremonies, addressed the groom and bride with fitting words, reviewing many leading events of the past fifty years, and congratulated them upon having lived to see the many changes wrought in the world since their wedded life began, and presented the congratulations and free will offerings of heir many friends. Mr. Dennings address was responded to by the writer and his companion, who also returned earnest thanks to all who had contributed in any way to the enjoyableness of the occasion. Remarks were also made by Dr. G. W. Hunt, Dr. E. K. Miller of Meriden, Mrs. Lucy Weld and several others, including Mr. F. B. Waterman and his sister, Mrs. G. W. Soule, both of whom were present at the wedding fifty years ago. A poem written by Mrs. Mehitable Moore of Hudson, MA was read by Miss Lydia Pennimon.

Refreshments were served both afternoon and evening. The presents, chiefly in gold, aggregated over one hundred dollars. Fifty dollars of this was a present from their children--in gold. Between eighty and ninety were present. All of the children (save the family in Australia) and their children (six grandchildren) were present. The occasion was a memorable one.

Again on January 1, 1917, another anniversary--the sixtieth. The writer and his companion were still living alone in the old home--aged 84 and 80. Both being somewhat weakened by age and infirmity, it was not deemed advisable to have any public demonstration. Nevertheless, two of the children and also two granddaughters came, all loaded with good will and an abundance of other goodies, and provided an excellent and enjoyable feast for all.

27 CHILDREN'S RECORDS

This chapter refers only to the children of the writer and his companion. Five children in all have come to this home. The dates of birth and also some of the circumstances attending each event, have already been given, also some of the marriages; but the real history of each child, to date, embraces much. This real history, the writer will not attempt to write, but only briefly refer to some of the leading features in the life of each. It occurred to him, when viewing his own unimportant life, that the record of his children was entitled, at least to a brief mention in this little volume. So, in the order of their birth, he will undertake the delicate task, aiming to be truthful, loving and kind.

1. William Palmer Child, born November 15, 1857, lived at home during all of his childhood and youth. He worked on the farm and attended district school at the Flat about the usual amount of time in both summer and winter. When ten years of age, during a powerful religious revival, he gave evidence of having been born again. For some time, he seemed to live in accordance with those early convictions, but later on, these seemed to lose their power, yet his parents have ever believed that he learned the way of life. When fifteen years of age, he spent a winter in school in Hyde Park, MA--living with his uncle and aunt Hathinger. At nineteen

he attended a select school on the Flat. This was during the autumn of 1876, and this term completed his school education. After the terrible accident to his sister in October, as recorded earlier, he engaged in cutting and hauling wood from the mountain lot to Windsor and Claremont. It was during this winter (1876-7) that the writer and his companion and family were called to pass through a double trial--first the burning of the little daughter,

2. and second, the parting of Mr. Palmer from the Child homestead in February. For years, he had possessed a strong passion for a sea-faring life, and at times manifested impatience under restraint. Under these and perhaps other circumstances unknown to the writer, he was induced to suddenly, without notice to anyone, leave the home for a trial in the uncertain future. He first went to Malone, NY, where he remained a short time with his uncles, and then went to Boston, where he took passage on a ship bound for Australia. When this sad news reached the ears of his parents, it gave a very painful surprise. It was much more than they had any reason to expect. Why did he do so? This was the query of the hour. They felt they had always tried to do the right by him, but still have failed in judgment. Perhaps they had not always been as patient as they should have been with him. All such thoughts passed through the minds of his parents, but there seemed now no remedy but simply to endure the separation, and thus time passed on. A correspondence soon began which continued while he lived. In August, 1888 he, with a recently wedded wife, Annie Scott, made his first, last and only visit to Cornish and his parental home. They remained until the first of January 1889, and then set sail for Australia, and ever after making it their home to the end of their lives. He was engaged chiefly in maritime and mercantile business. They had two daughters, Annie Lillian, born May 26, 1892, and Ellen Marion, born November 4, 1894. These two daughters came to America the summer of 1912 where they have since remained. William Palmer died in N. S. Wales, Australia, on December 4, 1909, his wife having died a few years previously. It was said that he died happy in the Christian faith.
2. Frank Eugene, born April 19, 1859, died April 4, 1860. Lacked 15 days of being one year old - a fine promising son.

3. Hattie Lillian, born December 28, 1863. First daughter. Happy thought. Parents full of delight! Thus was the little stranger welcomed into the Child home by warm hearts, even it was a cold, snowy day. Not a rugged, strong child, yet she grew apparently healthy and strong. She attended district school on the Flat; and also attended two terms of a high school at the "Center" and her scholarship was accounted amongst the best--all before she was fifteen years of age. At this age, she commenced teaching. She continued teaching in Cornish, Plainfield and Lebanon until twenty years of age, aggregating eleven terms in all, when she decided to alter the program of her life by accepting an offer of marriage from Reuben C. True of Lebanon. They were married November 14, 1883 by Rev. James T. Jackson, pastor of the Cong. Church in Cornish. After a brief wedding journey, they returned to her new home in West Lebanon. Here at Riverside Farm, the best portion of her life has been spent, fulfilling her duties as housewife and mother, and general benevolences, at home and abroad. Three children have come to their home. Their first--Mary Cutter was born November 30, 1886--a very promising girl intellectually, but death claimed her as his own on November 27, 1898, and she was buried on the 12 anniversary of her birth. Their second--William Bradley - was born on June 3, 1890. A graduate of K.U Academy. Succeeding his father on the farm at Riverside, he married Edith Whipple and have had two children. The third child of Hattie was Olive Lillian, born September 18, 1898. She graduated from K. U. Academy in 1916.

In 1910, Hattie L. True, by reason of a legacy left her by her uncle Joseph W. Leighton, purchased a fine residence and home in the village of West Lebanon, NH, at a cost of about five thousand dollars, where they have since resided, leaving "Riverside" in the care of William Bradley.

4. Edwin Leighton Child, born May 15, 1867. He received the full benefit of the district schools at the Flat; and soon after this, he spent a year in the State Agricultural College, then a department of Dartmouth College in Hanover. Delicacy, or rather good taste on the part of the writer, forbids a full expression of his value while

on the farm. These were the most successful years financially the writer ever enjoyed. He early became enamored with the science of butter-making, and was employed by the Cornish Creamery Co. first as assistant and afterwards for about a dozen years as Superintendent of the same. He won many valuable prizes. He graduated from the Vermont Dairy School at Burlington, and afterwards became instructor in the same institution. (For many additional items, see Cornish History, Vol. 2, pages 87-8). Leaving Cornish in 1909, he spent a year or two in a creamery in Deerfield, NH with good success. Immediately after this, he purchased a beautiful home on Pembroke Street, NH, with a farm and creamery and green house attached. Here he has since resided doing a good work financially, and apparently enjoying an excellent standing in his community and amongst hundreds of friends over the state. Before leaving Cornish, he had united with the IOOF and also with the Patrons of Husbandry. In the latter, he became proficient and prominent - first as master of Park Grange and as Deputy for years over several other granges. Since his removal, he still remains active in all such work. He also has since become in all such work. He was married February 15, 1894 to Lizzie Ida Ford of Danbury, NH, daughter of Rev. Robert Ford. They have had three children, all born in Cornish--first, Ford Leighton, born February 22, 1895. A noble and promising boy, he died January 7, 1904 aged nearly 9 years-- seemingly a great loss. Second, Roswell Towle, was born May 12, 1898. Is fitting for college at Pembroke Academy and third, Edna Lizzie, born, October 19, 1903, attending school on Pembroke Street.

5. Ida Louise Child, born February 7, 1870. A strong, active and apparently healthy child. With her brother, Edwin L., she enjoyed all outdoor activities as well as any child possibly could, until the autumn of 1876 when the happy current of her life was interrupted by the distressing event as related earlier--being badly burned. This event, to some extent, has shadowed her life even to the present time. She attended the district school on the Flat as much as was possible for her to do during her youth and girlhood. After this, she attended K.U. Academy a large number of terms, and graduated in the class of 1893 at age 23--the same age the writer was when he took his diploma there in 1856. She had

meanwhile previously taught several successful terms of district school in Cornish, Croydon, and Lebanon. After her graduation, she engaged the High School at West Lebanon, where she taught five years with very commendable success. While teaching in this school, she formed an acquaintance with Alfred W. Sibley, then a traveling salesman formerly from Westboro, MA. They were married June 15, 1898 in her home here in Cornish - Rev. Robert Ford performing the ceremony. They purchased a home and lived in West Lebanon several years until they sold and moved to Worcester, MA where they had purchased another home at 20 Circuit Ave., where they have resided since. Mr. Sibley still continues in mercantile business, while his wife is faithfully discharging her duties as wife and mother, besides being active in church and charitable work. She has had two children--both born in Lebanon. First, Marjorie Lucille, born March 27, 1899. She is now (1917) preparing and nearly ready to enter Wellesley College. The second, Harold Child, was born June 30, 1901. Attending schools in Worcester as much as possible. In the autumn of 1915, he was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism, since which time, until recently, he has been unable to attend school, but of late, he is much improved.

It is proper and becoming in this chapter for the writer to express his complete satisfaction with and a deep sense of appreciation of those whom his children have chosen as partners in life. His companion too, has often expressed a lively sense of her feelings, to the same effect, so they have mutually congratulated themselves many times that their children had been so fortunate in their choices. It affords an abundant cause for thankfulness to Him who orders all affairs in the interest of His beloved.

28 CLOSING CHAPTER

These memoirs were begun during the winter of 1912-13, soon after the writer had closed his labors on Cornish History. A large portion of them were written at or about that time. The work then rested nearly four years, or until the winter of 1916-17, when it was again resumed.

At this time, the writer then being past eighty-four years of age, began to think that if the memoirs were ever to be completed, they must needs be attended to at once, and so he addressed himself again to the work with a view to its completion. It has been very pleasant diversion for him to turn the mind backward and review some of the leading events of childhood, and also of his active life. He realizes that his life has been comparatively an uneventful one, with but few events worthy of record and that these will neither thrill the mind of the reader by adventure, or inspire him to a better life. The question then arises--has the life of the writer been a failure? Or, on the other hand, has it been a success? It is an honest time to exercise judgment in the matter. It is a sad thought that the "die is cast," that it is now too late in life to make good all that might have been wrought to have rendered it a successful life. But how shall the questions be answered? The writer shrinks from yielding an answer and feels compelled to leave it to "Him who is too wise to err, and too good to

be unkind,” who will surely judge right. To this All-wise and Merciful Judge, the writer would commit his entire life, with all its failures, its misspent opportunities, its feeble attempts for good, and even all its prayers and tears, hoping and trusting that He, of His mercy and grace will spare and bring him into His Heavenly home. The backward glances are not wholly void of interest, even a keen interest. The writer sees abundant cause for gratitude to God that “He has led him in ways that he knew not,” and thereby has been unmistakably preserved by His Almighty hand all the way. Even though he has been a wayward child, with inclinations and affections leaning strongly towards the world, he nevertheless has been patiently led again and again “into green pastures and besides the still waters.” How can he feel otherwise than a profound sense of gratitude to Him who has thus led him all the way?

In the foregoing record, as before stated, the writer sees nothing meriting commendation, neither will it stand the test of criticism in any respect. So he will leave it to the good graces of his dear children or other friends to correct all its defects and weaknesses with the loving mantle of charity. Day by day, the writer is admonished that the time of his departure cannot be far distant-- when the natural shall give way to the spiritual, and that “mortality must be swallowed up of life.” Therefore, the great concern of the present is this: shall I then be found among those whose robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb? Shall the sinners Savior be my Savior? May God so grant it. Now dear reader, may all this and more be your happy experience. Jesus longs to save you. He lovingly speaks to you, saying: “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.”¹³

The End

¹³ Matthew 24:42

POST SCRIPT

Eight months have elapsed since the writer penned the words of the preceding chapter. At that time he expected it might be the last that he would ever write in this humble little volume. But on this day--the writer's 85th birthday, he felt disposed to break the silence and add a few thoughts regarding the conditions of the times. Never within his memory have the times been so fraught with stirring events as at the present time.

The great "World war" which has been raging for years, has been gradually assuming larger and more fearful proportions. Nearly all of the nations of the world are becoming more or less involved in it, and one after another, are being drawn into the fearful vortex of bloodshed and suffering. Even our own beloved country has been compelled to enter the bloody arena and is contributing her millions of men and billions of money. The pressure is beginning to be felt in many ways all over the land. New and fresh complications are continually arising that seem to bar all sanguine hopes of real peace, therefore such an event now seems far away. The strife between capital and labor still goes on despite the other great questions that seem to threaten our national existence, therefore strikes are of frequent occurrence in nearly all departments of labor. Rebellions are fomenting in several nations, and even our own nation is far from being a unit in sentiment. All these circumstances seemingly retard decisive action regarding hastening the dawn of peace.

The alliance existing between our country and England, France, and Italy, against Germany, entails a fearful responsibility upon the United States, as these allies are largely dependent on this country for supplies of munitions, men, and food. A threatened failure of a sufficient food supply is beginning to alarm our people. Already a shortage and even absence of several leading articles of food with unheard of prices on all the necessities of life - all these intensify the anxiety of the people. This unsettled and chaotic state of the nations is interpreted by some as a harbinger of the dawn of a new and spiritual dispensation such as is predicted in Holy Writ. That is to follow the clashing of the great Armageddon forces, when victory will crown those under the banner of the Cross, and then will be ushered in a Peace that is worthy of such a name.

The writer has no "gift of prophecy," but he can hope that (if it be God's plan) such may be the outcome of all this distress of nations. Great changes in the material and moral world are prophesied as soon to take place. All believers in prophecy agree that we are now living in the era preceding these changes, and have we not reason to think that the present conditions are but the beginning of the greater events soon to transpire? It is worthy, at least, of much prayerful thought and earnest consideration.

